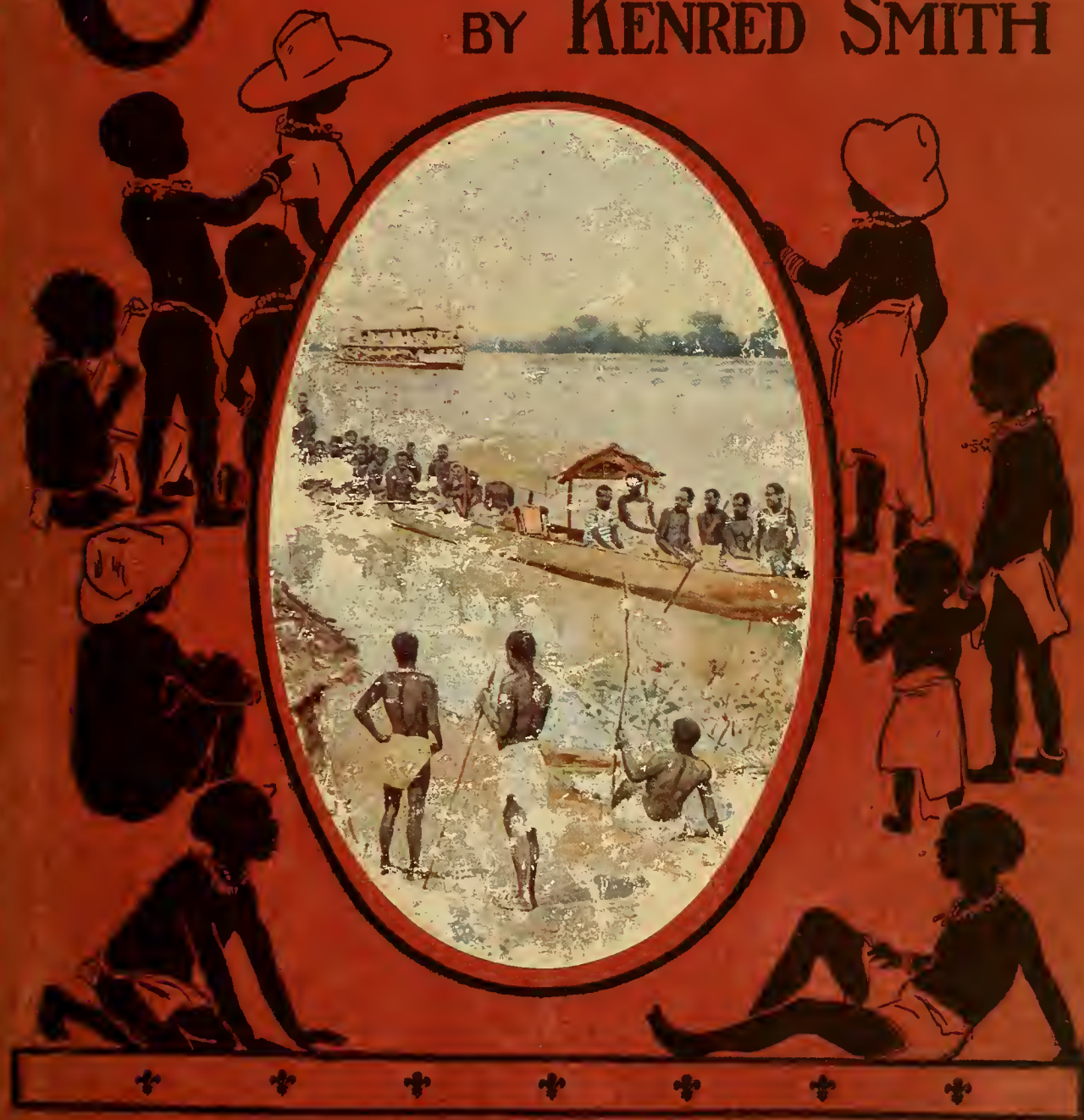


DT
644
S65
1920
AFA

Congoland

BY KENRED SMITH

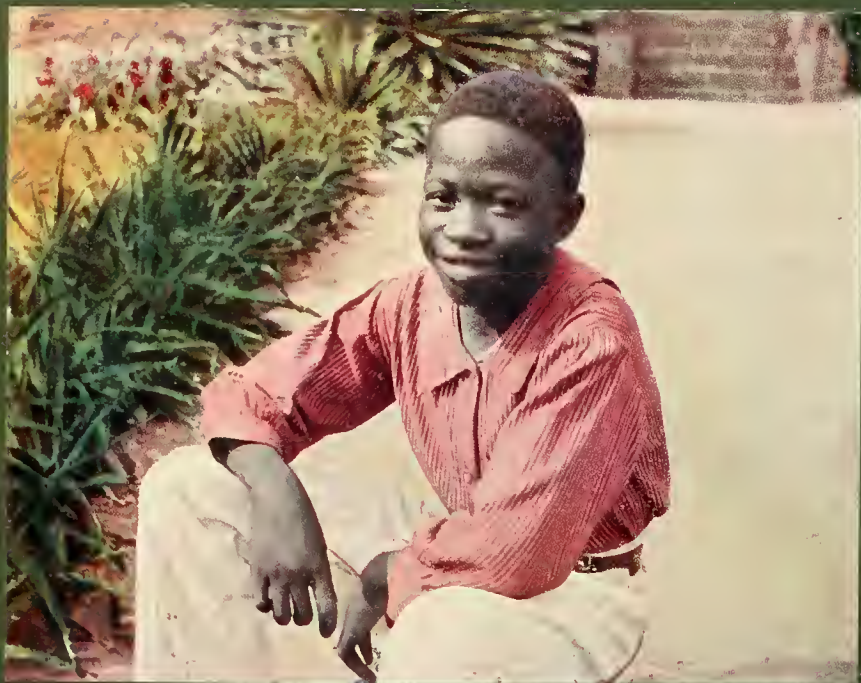


CONGOLAND





"SALUTE!"



"SMILES."

CONGOLAND

A BOOK FOR YOUNG
PEOPLE

BY

KENRED SMITH

OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, UPOTO,
UPPER CONGO

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.



LONDON

THE CAREY PRESS

19, FURNIVAL STREET, E.C.

IT
644
S65
1920
104



DEDICATED WITH
SINCERE AND AFFECTIONATE ESTEEM
TO
CHARLES FINCH FOSTER, Esq.
(OF CAMBRIDGE)
WHO, BY HIS LIFE-LONG INTEREST IN
CHRISTIAN MISSIONS AND HIS NEVER-FAILING KINDNESS,
HAS SHOWN HIMSELF
TO BE A FRIEND OF MISSIONARIES



CONTENTS

AUTHOR'S NOTE	- - - - -	PAGE vii
A FEW WORDS FIRST. BY SIR HARRY H. JOINSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.	-	ix
CHAPTER I		
BABYHOOD IN CONGOLAND	- - - - -	1
CHAPTER II		
CHILDHOOD	- - - - -	11
CHAPTER III		
PLAYTIME	- - - - -	17
CHAPTER IV		
BIG AND LITTLE TROUBLES	- - - - -	28
CHAPTER V		
SOME CONGO BOYS	- - - - -	41
CHAPTER VI		
THE CONGO RIVER AND THE CONGO COUNTRY	- - - - -	49

Contents

CHAPTER VII

	PAGE
FETISHES AND FUNERALS - - - - -	56

CHAPTER VIII

FIGHTING, HUNTING, AND FISHING - - - - -	61
--	----

CHAPTER IX

WORK AND WORKERS - - - - -	65
----------------------------	----

CHAPTER X

MESSENGERS TO CONGOLAND - - - - -	70
-----------------------------------	----



AUTHOR'S NOTE

THIS little book is written for my many nieces and nephews in Great Britain, and elsewhere, whose friendship I have been so glad to make through the pages of *Wonderlands*, and whose letters it has given me such joy to receive. There are, however, many thousands of other boys and girls interested in the children of Africa, and for these also the book is intended.

It is a book for the children in the Homelands about the children of Congoland, and although in the first place a "book for the bairns," some of the facts and some of the photographs may interest older boys and girls, and, indeed, their grown-up brothers and sisters.

While most of the photographs have been taken with my own little camera, I am indebted for others to the kindness of several of my fellow-missionaries in Congoland. My sincere thanks are due to these friends, as also to the Rev. C. E. Wilson, B.A., Foreign Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, and Mr. W. E. Cule, Editor of the Society's Publications, for their ready sympathy and helpful suggestions.

I ought perhaps to add that as Congoland is so great a country, the manners and customs of its many tribes naturally differ, and that the information given in this book chiefly concerns those districts of the Upper Congo where it has been my privilege to live for many years. My readers should also know that many cruel practices and

Author's Note

customs, common enough in past days, are gradually ceasing under the Christianizing and civilizing influences introduced into the country during the past few years.

With the earnest hope that henceforth many white boys and girls may take a deeper and more intelligent interest in their chocolate-coloured brothers and sisters in Congoland, and that some of my many young friends may consecrate themselves to the crusade for the conquest of Congoland for Christ, these pages are written.

KENRED SMITH
(UNCLE KENRED).

A FEW WORDS FIRST

FROM ONE WHO HAS TRAVELLED MUCH IN CONGOLAND

THE work which follows this short prefatory note is intended primarily to give to the boys and girls of the British Islands or of English-speaking America some idea of what boys and girls of the Negro race are like in Congoland. The purpose of the author, I take it, is the right one of educating our children in the things which should interest them in after life. I have joined many others in uttering complaints of late as to the very unpractical nature of the education given to the youth of our own country in the great public schools and endowed educational institutions ; pointing out that amongst subjects carefully excluded is the most important subject of all—the science of Man, that which for convenience is called by the term compounded from the Greek, “ Anthropology.” British and American boys and girls, above all others, should be taught, as soon as they read and think, about the other peoples of the world—those of their own colour and race in Europe, America, South Africa, and Australasia, and those of the races with different facial features and a darker coloured skin ; because probably one of every five British or American boys, and one out of twenty girls, may be called upon in their grown-up life to go far from their homes and deal with strange peoples, often such as belong to African and Asiatic races, separated from our own in style of upbringing and mode of life, by an interval of many thousand years.

A Few Words First

Indeed, it is difficult to say, with the uncertainty at present attending our knowledge of the past history of Man, how many, many thousand years have not elapsed since the inhabitants of the British Islands have been on the same plane and leading the same kind of life as the barbarians of Africa, of Asiatic jungles and of the Australian interior. But we do know pretty surely from the vestiges which have been left and the records of the rocks, that, ages ago, when there was a warmer climate in England, when there were trees and plants more like those of North Africa and Western Asia, there were also lions and hippopotamuses, leopards, antelopes, and monkeys, rhinoceroses and elephants, and, existing to hunt and eat these creatures (or to be eaten by them occasionally), men and women, who must have been very similar in appearance and mode of life to the black people of Australia or those that perished under our rule in Tasmania, or even the Bushmen and Negroes of Africa.

But the ancestors of the white men came into Britain from the East; and by degrees the white man has dominated the whole world to his sway. From causes of which we know very little, he developed in civilization and in ideas about religion and the universe far more quickly than the coloured man, so that, as I say, there is this gulf of thousands of years between the two. But the marvellous thing is that in Africa, Asia, and America, the gulf during the last hundred years has been repeatedly bridged by missionaries—missionaries by profession, and those who are unconscious missionaries by nature.

Many of the Baptist missionaries still at work in inner Congo-land have known that region when it was populated exclusively by Negroes leading absolutely savage lives, wearing little or nothing in the way of clothes (not that that condition is sinful, but that it is very foolish, as it exposes the whole body to the attacks of insects which introduce

A Few Words First

diseases), and living under an awful tyranny of barbarous customs, associated with bloodshed and much agony of mind and body. Yet now, if any of the readers of this book could go out to the heart of Congo-land, they would be astonished at the aspect of many villages, with their well-built brick houses, their happy, contented, industrious people, clothed to a reasonable extent, and as Christian in thought and behaviour as the people of London are, or should be. This and other examples which could be cited all over the land surface of the globe, show that there exists at the present day no branch of the human race so different in mind and body, or so separated from us in customs, that it cannot be reclaimed and led into a civilized, industrious, and happy mode of life.

The aim of the author whose work I am introducing is mainly to teach children and young students in this country both what the African has been and what he can become if he is given a chance. But after looking through the text of the book and its admirable illustrations, I would make bold to say that his work appeals, not only to children, but to grown-up people quite as much. It is accurate, and it is not sentimental, and it ought to be a further means of creating sympathy between the people of this country and the races of Central Africa, who, if they have gained enormously from the entrance into their home-lands of Europeans during the last thirty-five years, have also suffered grievously from the misdoings of other white men; such as never made any attempt to understand their minds or their past history, and cruelly misused and robbed those with whom they came to trade or over whom they desired to rule.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "J. D. Johnston". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, stylized initial "J".



Congoland

Chapter I

BABYHOOD IN CONGOLAND

Who are the little boys and girls whose faces look at you from the pages of this book? They are natives of Congoland.

In this land of *No-Winter*, the trees are always green, and the people never see ice or snow. The chocolate-coloured children almost live out of doors in the sunshine. When the sun is baking hot they get into the shade of some leafy tree, or sit under the thatched roof of a sun shelter. The storms bring rain and cold winds, and then the people creep into their little huts for shelter and warmth. They make up their wood fires and go to sleep on their hard beds, or mats upon the floor; or perhaps they huddle together round the fire, and talk, to while away the hours until the rain stops and they can step once more into the bright sunshine.

Baby's Home ▯ ▯

We should not like to live in the homes of Congo children. They are but rude huts, and not very large. Some are very low. We can hardly stand upright when we have managed to get

Congoland



A Congo Home.

through the little hole in the side, which serves for door, window, and chimney, all in one. The huts are mostly oblong, and the long ones have two rooms. Some are built with bamboo and thatched with grass, and some of grass tied

to a rough frame-work. Others are built with palm fronds, bound to poles stuck in the ground. Some are made of bark or planks, and thatched with large leaves. Some are round, and the high roofs make a sort of steeple.

How hard the beds are ! They are made of boards, or bamboo, or are simply platforms of solid earth. At night, mats are put on the floor for those who have no beds. The low stools are carved into fancy shapes. The chief's chair is taller, and of a different pattern from the ordinary stool. There is not much other furniture in the hut. We see a few earthen pots used for cooking, or for storing water, or oil, and a basket or two, used for holding native bread or dried fish.

We also find some fishing and hunting nets, some spears and knives, a pipe, a wooden pestle and mortar, a garment or two, a few fetishes, and the furniture is complete.

The roof inside is black with the smoke of many fires ; and insects of



A Congo Boy with Chairs of a Chief.

Congoland

various sorts and sizes find a happy home in these dwellings, which seldom have a real "spring cleaning."

Baby's Bath ▯ ▯

Baby does not always like to be washed. The water for the bath is put into a pot, and made hot over a log fire which burns on the floor. The smoke from the fire makes breathing rather hard for baby. The water may be a little hotter than he cares for, so he screams and kicks, but the old native woman acting as nurse does not seem to understand his baby language, and goes on with the washing in spite of his cries. A few leaves do for a sponge, and there is no soap.



Matted Hair.

Baby's Troubles ▯ ▯

Baby has other troubles ahead. Where there is a stream his mother will soon be taking him to it. She will place him on the sand just at the water's edge, and wash and splash him to her heart's content, and much more than baby wants. By-and-by he will love to paddle and bathe, but at this early age he thinks it a bother, and rebels.



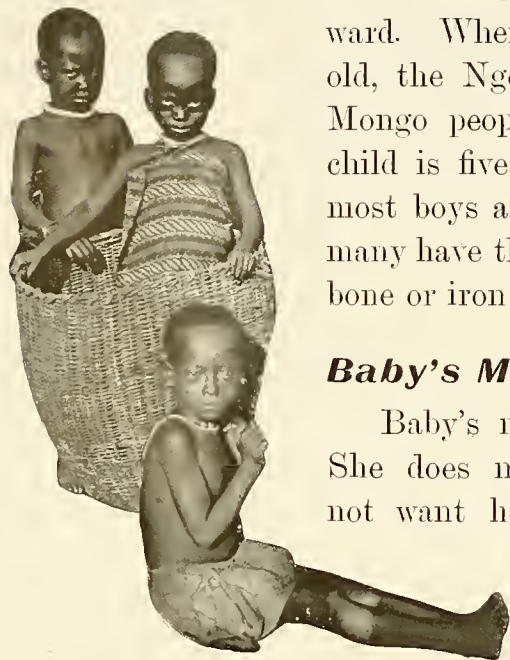
Rather Shy!

When baby is washed, some mothers pinch up the little nose to make it more pointed, but some press the noses of their little ones down. They like the flat nose so common among the African races.

Another of baby's troubles comes when he is about two days old. His head is tightly bound up with a strap, about an inch wide, made from a strip of fibre. This binder is wound round and round the head, and is pulled tightly as it passes round. It is gradually brought up to the crown in order to make the head long and pointed.

Congoland

Square heads are not thought beautiful among the tribes who do this head-binding. One tribe tries to press the bones of the head upwards, another likes the pointed portion somewhat backward. When baby is about three or four months old, the Ngombe tribe stop head-binding, but the Mongo people may keep the binder on until the child is five or six years of age. In these tribes most boys and girls have their heads bound, while many have their noses pierced, little bars of wood or bone or iron being put into the hole.



Three Little Congo Maidens.

Baby's Mother ♦ ♦

Baby's mother is very careful about her food. She does not eat any herons, because she does not want her little one to have a neck as long as a heron, nor does she eat any kingfishers, for her baby must not have long legs. She is just as careful not to eat any of the birds with the yellow crest, for she believes that

if she eats it her child will cry, "Koo-loo-koo," "koo-loo-koo," like the yellow-crested bird. As she does not want her baby to have a tail like a sheep, she never eats lamb, or mutton; and fearing lest her child may have feet like a tortoise, she does not touch tortoise. To save her baby from gliding about like a snake, she never eats any snake, however freshly killed or nicely cooked.

Baby's Fetish ♦ ♦

A little fetish is tied round baby's neck, and perhaps two others round his tiny wrists or ankles. He does not know what



Four Little Congo Natives.

Congoland

they mean. His parents do. They have bought them from the "medicine man," and believe them to have a wonderful power. By the aid of the spirits dwelling in the fetishes, they think baby will be secure from witchcraft and all harm, and will grow up strong and healthy. Besides, the mother has taken care to eat a number of fine fat frogs, in order that her child may have big stout limbs.



Baby's Clothes ♦ ♦

Chubby little Congo children need very few garments, so they go about with little on their dark skins. Clothed in sunshine and smiles, they seem quite happy and comfortable, except on wet days, when they creep into the huts for warmth and shelter.

"Not for Sale!"

Older boys, in the forest villages, wear a piece of bark cloth round their waists. It is made thus: A large piece of bark is cut from the trunk of a tree; the inner bark is stripped off, and while still moist, is beaten on a block of wood with a piece of the tusk of a small elephant. By-and-by the pulpy brown bark stretches.



Grass Dresses.

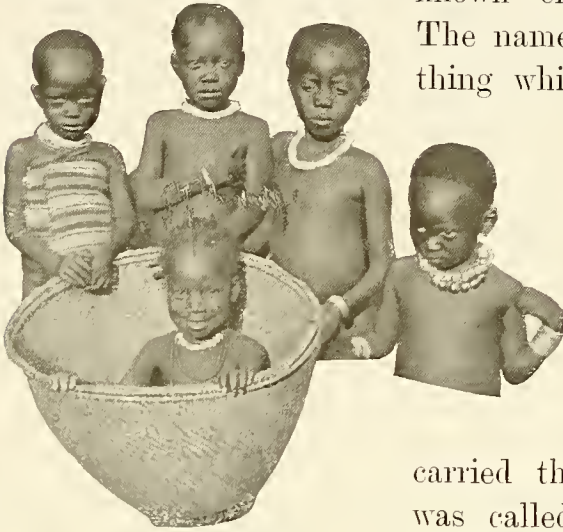
After being dried in the sun it is ready for use. It is fairly soft, and is not really uncomfortable to wear.

Some tribes make cloth from vegetable fibre. It is woven on a simple loom, and is usually plain, but patterns are sometimes made in coloured fibre.

Congoland

Baby's Name ▯ ▯

Every Congo baby has a name. There is not always a ceremony when baby's name is given. Baby is sometimes called after a well-known chief or some important relative. The name may be given because of something which took place when baby came.



Little Playmates.

One Congo child was called "Mia misili" (the food is finished), because there was no food in the hut when baby arrived. One father, disturbed by baby's cries, called out in anger, "Molumba" (Throw him away), and the Congo baby

carried that name until he died. A girl was called "Abangaleka" (She is afraid of things), because she always seemed afraid.

Some babies are named after objects, as "Ngunga" (A bell), "Monyoto" (A star), or some virtue, as "Molingo" (Love), or perhaps something striking in their appearance, as "Mafutamingi" (Plenty of fat).

Other names seem to be given without any special reason, as "Likonja-la-ndongo" (Money and needle), "Caewandele" (He does not know the time), "Likundu" (The seat of the witch power).

Now and again one may see a Congo boy with his name tatooed upon his arm or chest.

Some Congo boys, when they grow up, receive a special "war-name." This name is used by warriors when separated in the forest, after some



"How do you do?"

Congoland

village or tribal war. Friends call out the war-name in a high pitched key. Thus “Koo-loo-koo-koo ! Koo-loo-koo-koo !” or “Li-foo-foo-foo-loo ! Li-foo-foo-loo !” As only one’s near relatives know the name, people answer to their war-names, without much danger of falling into the hands of the enemy, when scattered after a battle.

Twins are supposed to name themselves by appearing to somebody in a dream, and saying what their names are to be. Next morning the dreamer goes solemnly to the parents and announces the names, which are accepted as coming direct from the spirit world. If the parents give other names, it is thought that the twins will die.

The mother of the twins must only eat food which has been stolen. The food is cooked in two vessels, and when she takes her meals she is very careful to take food from each pot in turn, first with her right hand from the pot on her right, and next with her left hand from the pot on her left. If she eats from the right hand vessel only, or from the left

only, or has only one pot, she believes that one of the babies will die.

While she eats, drums are beaten, but after about two months, during which time she has been a prisoner in her hut, she is allowed to come



Expectation.



Class-Mates.

Congoland



"Maduka" or Fetishes
for Twins.

out again and may eat ordinary food. The drums are no longer beaten, and she joins once more in the everyday life of the village.

After twins are born, "*maduka*" are put upon either side of a path leading into the village. The "*maduka*" are two old native pots, in which are put "medicine" and other things. They are placed in the forked branches of trees, stuck in the ground. The "spirits" of the "*maduka*" are supposed to guard the twins. When

hunters pass the "*maduka*" they pluck leaves, and throw at the foot of the fetishes,

believing that thus they will be lucky on the journey.

Baby's Nurse ▯ ▯

Congo babies are not carried in go-carts or perambulators. In some parts they are bound in a cloth upon the backs of their mothers or of the little girls acting as nurse-maids. In other parts they are carried with legs wide apart across the hip of the nurse, partly supported by a plantain fibre, tied into a loop and worn by the nurse over the shoulder, but low enough to let baby sit on the lower part of the band.

When baby's mother goes off to her garden, if there is no big sister or little brother to take care of him, he is left in the charge of his father, who carries him about in the usual strap, and shakes a wicker rattle or jingles a little iron bell, so that baby may keep quiet until mother returns.



Nurse and Baby.



A LITTLE NURSE AND BABY.

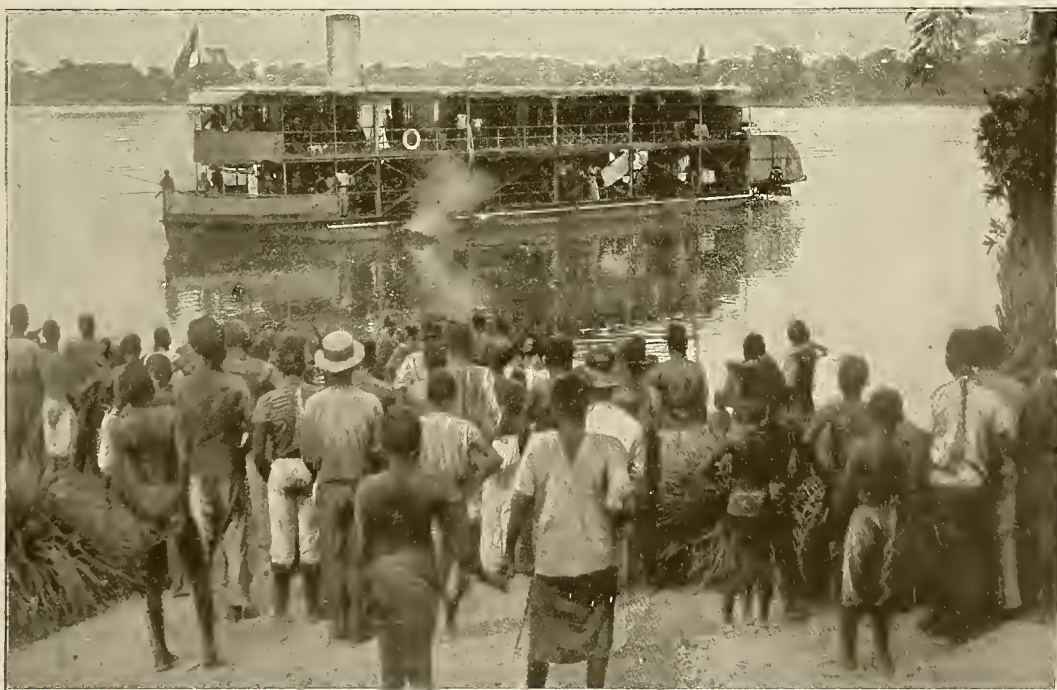


PLAYING AT SCHOOL.



Travel in Congoland: A Caravan on the March.

In many parts hammocks and carriers have still to be used. The men carry food for the journey, pots to cook it in, a travelling bed and table, chair, etc. In this way the missionary can travel about fifteen miles a day.



The Endeavour.

The arrival of the Mission Steamer *Endeavour* at a Mission Station is eagerly looked for. To the missionary she brings home news, and for the work she brings school requisites, medicines, and all needed stores.

Congoland

When bedtime comes, baby is not put into a nice cot, but is laid upon a mat placed upon a hard bed. When mother cares to take him, she warms him by pressing him against her warm body, for there are no sheets and blankets on the beds of Congo children.

Congo babies soon begin to crawl on the ground, and by-and-by to toddle about, and then to walk and talk, and pass from babyhood to childhood. So we read next about their childhood.



“Bubbles.”



Chapter II

Tribal Marks ▯

CHILDHOOD

MANY children have their faces cut about with curious marks. These are the tribal marks, and they are thought very fine. They are cut with a sharp little iron instrument. The cuts are painful, and very little boys and girls cry. When the cutting is over, the wounds are washed, and something rubbed on. By-and-by the patterns must be cut all over again, and so on from time to time, but boys and girls are called cowards if they flinch at the pain when the carving is going on. When finished the tribal marks stand out in great scars. One sees people with their faces covered with little lumps of flesh, about the size of small peas, standing out in bold lines. In one tribe a great cockscomb of flesh is made from near the crown of the head to the bridge of the nose. There are different patterns, according to the tribe.

Some think much of large ears. They bore holes near the edges, and put in great pieces of knotted cord. Others bore the side of the nose, and



Cutting the Tribal Marks.

Congoland

put in a piece of ivory. Others pierce the lower or upper lips, and gradually make the hole larger until a disc of wood, or bone, or ivory, one or two inches across, can be put in. The disfigured lip stands out like a small table, under the nose or mouth.



Varieties in Hair Dressing.

In some districts the teeth are chipped, and filed to points like the teeth of a saw, and in some parts the front teeth are knocked out altogether.

Decorations ▯ ▯

When boys and girls grow up they like to be as "smart" as their friends, so they soon begin to copy the grown-up people. Eyebrows are shaved off, and eyelashes removed, although it sometimes means painful eyes and inflamed eyelids. The hair is dressed in all sorts of fantastic ways. Little children may perhaps be allowed to have their hair grow in a confused and tangled mass, but not so the bigger boys and girls. Many hours are spent on dressing the hair, which with wonderful patience is braided into different curious designs. Now and again the hair is all shaved off, and the shining black skull left exposed to the full blaze of the tropical sun, but it does not seem to matter.

Girls and women are often gay with bangles and bracelets, armlets and leglets, anklets and necklaces. Beads, brass, iron, ivory, chalks, powders, skins, and leaves are all used at different times for decorations.



Bead Decorations.



The One-wheeled Cycle.

This one-wheeled cycle is a real boon to the missionary in his long journeyings, as it can go through the narrow bush paths along which otherwise he would trudge wearily on foot.



The Peace.

This was the first Baptist Missionary Society's steamer on the Congo. In it Mr. Grenfell explored tens of thousands of miles of the Congo River and its tributaries.

Congoland

Some ornaments are very heavy. Brass collars weigh anything from one to twenty pounds, and brass anklets often weigh several pounds. Heavy collars and girdles, made from white beads, are liked in some parts, but there is a great difference in the fashions.



A Bride in Beads.

Food ▯ ▯

Let us join some of the boys and girls at their meals. We do not draw up our chairs to the table, for there is no table, and there are no chairs. We squat on our heels on the ground, or seat ourselves on low wooden stools round the pot in which the food has been cooked. We have no plates, or knives, or forks, so we must take our food with our fingers. Boys do not eat with the girls, for girls may not eat all kinds of food. Girls may not eat goats, or fowls, or eggs, or tortoise, or big monkeys, or even the best sorts of wild birds and fishes, and not even snakes, but boys may. Girls may eat fat frogs, and mud fish, and palm oil, and two or three forest animals which have an offensive smell. To-day there is some roasted antelope and a fine fish, so we can enjoy our meal.



Pounding up Leaves for Food.



More Bead Decorations.

We should not like to join the natives every day. For meat, they have whatever they can get, from roast caterpillar to roast elephant. A bat, with curious wedge-shaped pieces growing out from the bottom of its wings, has been flying

Congoland

over the village for a few evenings. The boys shout whenever it appears, for they know that when this bird comes the caterpillar season is not far off. Then they go hunting for the large hairy caterpillars, spotted yellow and black, which can be found in the forest. When they come back with plenty of them, they roast and eat their dainties with much relish.

They eat rats and bats. In some districts there are rat-hunts every dry season. The coarse tall grass on the hillsides is set on fire, and a great many rats are killed. These are roasted for food. The big bats are killed with bows and arrows.

The boys and girls are very fond of large winged ants. They watch the big anthills, and when they see the earth moist here and there, they know that the ants are about to swarm. They dig holes round the anthills, and, when night comes, light little fires near the holes. Then they watch in the darkness until the ants come out. Thousands and thousands fly towards the fires, and fall into the holes, and big basketfuls are gathered up. Their wings are removed, and then they are spread out to dry in the sunshine. When pounded up and mixed with herbs, they are considered very tasty.



Dinner-time.



Some Congo Titbits—Rats!

Large black beetles are a favourite food. They are cap-

Congoland



Sugar Cane.

tured on the islands in the river. The boys are just as fond of the large snails which are found in the forests. They go out with their snail baskets, and are quite happy when they come back with the baskets well filled with fine fat snails. Fried frog is also supposed to be very nice.

The food list would not be complete without mentioning dogs, pigs, monkeys, lizards, crocodiles, hippos, bush cats, sugar cane, and many kinds of birds, wild animals, and fishes, captured in the forests and streams. So the people of Congoland have a great variety to choose from, though they use for food some things that we should not care for.



Congo Girls preparing for Supper.



Chapter III

PLAYTIME

GAMES ▯ ▯

WE shall now see the Congo boys and girls at play. They are as fond of games as white children, but their games are very different.

Hand Clapping Game ▯ ▯

Watch these boys playing the "Hand Clapping Game." It is evidently a great favourite. The boys face one another in two lines. They all clap their hands, sing, sway their bodies, and stamp their feet upon the ground. A boy from one side steps in front and faces a

boy of the opposite side, who also steps forward. The others keep on clapping and singing, but all the players watch the two boys. Still clapping and singing, and with many quick movements, the first boy suddenly stretches out one of his arms, and so thrusts forward a hand. The other hand is brought near to the shoulder of the outstretched arm.



The Hand Clapping Game.

Congoland

The other boy, without waiting a moment, thrusts a hand forward. It should correspond to that of the other boy. He has failed, for he has put the right hand forward instead of the left. He goes back to his own



Congo Children at Play.

line defeated and disgraced, while the boys on the side of the winner sing and clap with new energy. The victor then tries the next boy from the opposite ranks. When the proper hand is thrust forward, right for right, or left for left, the challenger retires defeated, and the winner is the challenger in the next round. The boy who fails is "wounded." If he fails three times he is "dead," and is claimed by the other side. In some places the foot is thrust forward instead of the hand. When the girls play they jerk the foot backwards.

Ebenga ♦ ♦

In another game the boys have pointed sticks, with which they play



Playing at Soldiers.



Playing at Soldiers.



A Feast for the Mission School Children.

Congoland

“*Ebenga*.” They stand in a long line with their sticks raised ready to throw. A boy stands at the end of the line, and hurls a round piece of plantain root along the ground, and as it goes flashing by, the boys throw their sticks at it. If it is not hit, the players stand at a distance from where it falls. They take aim, and hurl their sticks, trying to “wound” or “kill” it. Then another boy rolls the piece of plantain root along, and play goes on as before. The plantain root is supposed to be a wild animal in the forest, the pointed sticks spears, and the players hunters.

Molepo ♡ ♡

Two little boys are playing “*Molepo*.” They play it with a small red seed. They have made a long heaped-up line of fine sand, and sit on opposite sides. The one who has the red seed in his hand thrusts his hand into the sand and draws it along, dropping the seed before he takes his hand out. The other boy cuts the line of sand across with his fingers. He then measures a span length on either side of the cut, and there he should find the little red seed. If he happens to be right it is his turn to hide the seed, but if he has failed, his friend takes it from its hiding-place and hides it again.

Dolls ♡ ♡

Congo *dolls* are often only shapeless sorts of things made of clay. They have no arms or legs, and the rude faces have the tribal marks



Cats Cradle.

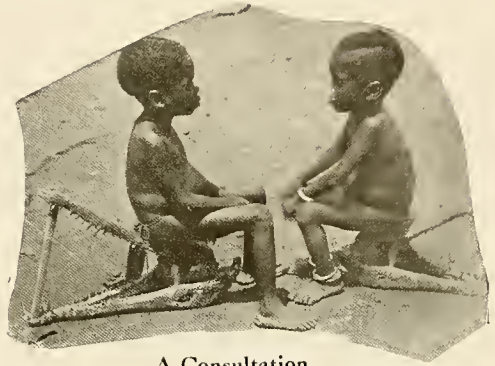
Congoland

scratched on. Sometimes a straight piece of plantain stem takes the place of the clay doll, and is nursed and played with very much as English girls play with their beautiful and well-dressed dolls.

Some girls and boys are clever at making "Cats Cradles" with string, and make many different kinds.

Palm Nuts ♢ ♢

A favourite game among the girls is the game of "Palm Nuts." They seat themselves in a circle outside a number of small holes made in the sand. There are palm nuts in most of the holes, but not the same number in each. A girl throws a palm nut into the air; before catching it, she seizes all the nuts from one of the holes, and puts them into another. Again she throws up the palm nut. This time she takes out the nuts from the hole where she has just put them, with those which were already in, but is careful to leave *one* nut. She must be quick, because she must catch the nut she threw up before it falls to the ground. If she fails to catch it, or leaves more than one nut in the hole after the throw, she loses, and the next girl plays.



A Consultation.



Play Shields.

War Game ♢

The boys are shouting. What is it all about? They are playing at war. They have made some shields from palm fronds, some-

Congoland

thing like the war-shields of their fathers. As much as they can, they are following the plan of a real battle, but instead of spears and war-knives, they are fighting a mimic battle with maize cobs. They pelt one another, dodge one another, rush about and shout, and much enjoy the fun. In these sham fights, the boys sometimes use pop-guns with fibre pellets.



Shooting Rats.

Bows and Arrows ♣ ♣

Little boys are fond of playing at "Soldiers." The boys make bows and arrows, but do not use them in the sham fights. The arrows are sticks, scraped thin and pointed. With these little wooden arrows they shoot birds and little animals. Woe betide the grass rat which dares to venture out upon the footpath, or the great bat eating

the wild figs, when the Congo boy, with his bow and arrow, is on the look out for some meat for his supper. The rat, or bat, stands little chance against the well-aimed, quick-flying arrow. The older boys shoot monkeys for food, but their little pointed wooden arrows are tipped with poison.

Lasso Game ♣ ♣

Here are some boys playing with the "Lasso." They stand in a circle, each having a lasso. One boy throws a bundle of fibre into the air, and all the boys rush to lasso it before it reaches the ground. The boy who catches the bundle wins, and it is his turn to throw.



Paddling.

Congoland

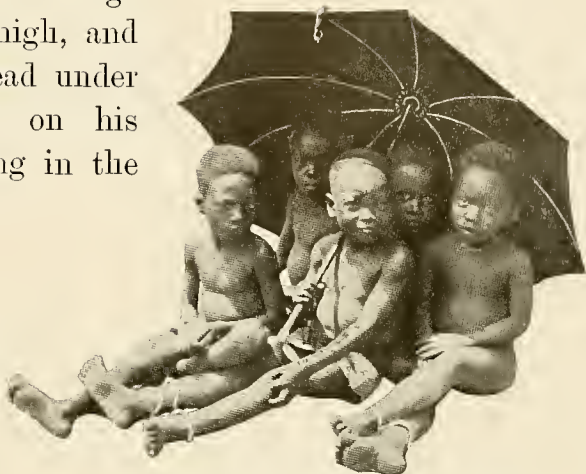
Swimming ♣ ♣

Swimming is of course a favourite sport. Boys swim under water, chase one another, splash and shout, and generally enjoy themselves. A favourite trick of one boy is to go into shallow water about waist high, and stand on his hands, with his head under water. He then walks about on his hands, with his feet wildly waving in the air, and causes great amusement.

Wrestling ♣ ♣

Boys have great times at wrestling matches. Some canoes filled with men and boys pass up and down in front of the village. The paddlers

sing their boat songs and paddle in their best form to the beating of the drum. They are visitors come for a wrestling match. The people on the river bank come out from huts and sun shelters, and excitement grows as the visitors paddle to and fro. By-and-by the wrestlers land. After the usual greetings, villagers and visitors gather in an open space for the match. A young man from the visitors' side steps forward into the middle of the open space. He sways himself with an up-and-down sort of motion, and slowly moves along in front of the crowd. It is his challenge for someone to come and venture a throw. A young man steps forward. The contest has begun. They first catch hands, then a feint is made at throwing by one of the wrestlers trying to hook his foot round the ankle of the other, but this soon gives place to the neck catch, and the



Room for all under the Old Umbrella.



The Wrestlers.

Congoland

real struggle begins. At this point the friends of one or other of the wrestlers may rush in and drag away their man, to save him from being thrown, and the village from disgrace, but sometimes the throw is made, one of the two falls, and the whole scene changes. A wild shout of "Iya, Iya, Iya," breaks from all throats, drums beat, and palm branches are torn from the roofs of huts, or hastily cut from palm-trees. The victor is smothered with red powder and taken in procession round the village, to the beating of the drums, the shouting of men, and the dancing of women.

Dancing ♣ ♣

Of all amusements, the people perhaps like dancing best. The dances are quite different from the dances in England. They dance at feasts and they dance at funerals. They dance at night, and they dance in the blazing sun. They dance until they stream with perspiration, and sometimes even until quite worn out. Dancing may be called a national game, and boys and girls seem quite as fond of it as the grown-up folk.

There are many other games—games with tops and games with bamboos ; games with nuts and games with little boats ; games for boys

and games for girls. We finish with a game in which boys and girls join, the jolly game of "Make Believe."



Playing at Soldiers—Attention !

"Make Believe" ♣

The very little boys and girls are sometimes too small to go on the water in canoes, so they get into the canoes drawn up on the river beach, and with some sticks for

Congoland



Paddling their own Canoe.

paddles they “make believe” they are on the river, and paddling with great paddles. Now and again one sees them in some basket, or perhaps a broken drum, which they “make believe” is a real canoe.

“They are fond of “make believe” house-

keeping. They get some palm branches, and build a little “make believe” hut. Then they collect some dry sticks for a fire. One little girl brings a little clay cooking-pot in which to cook the food, and another little girl a little pot in which to fetch water. Pieces of plantain leaves serve for plates, and fingers of course will do instead of forks. Sometimes they only pretend to have a meal, and little pieces of sticks, leaves, and small stones are “make believe” food, which they pretend to cook, and then divide up as if they had real food.

At other times one girl



Boy Building a Model House.

Congoland

brings a piece of the native bread-pudding, another some native spinach, while another little girl will perhaps beg some palm-oil from her mother. Her friend will bring a small fish which she has caught in the river,



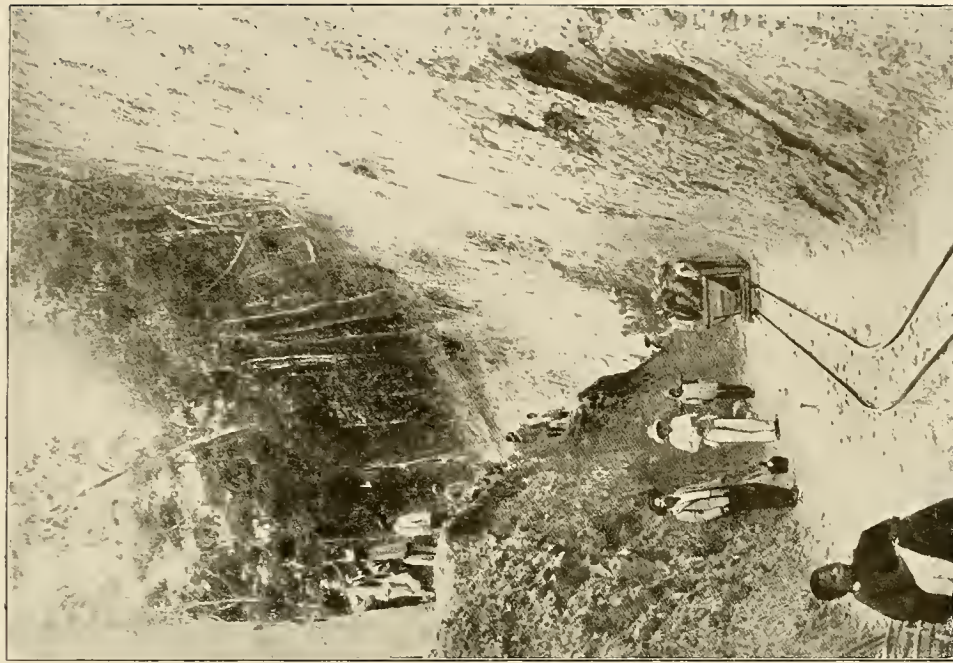
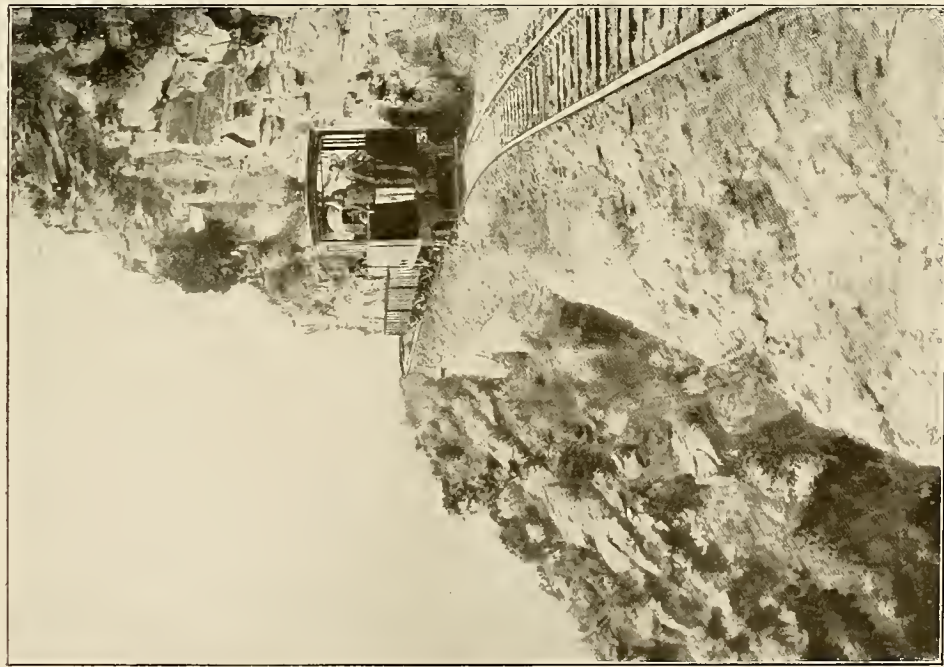
Enjoyment.

and another a cob of maize, so a real little picnic is held. The fire is lighted outside the "make believe" hut, the ground swept with a bundle of leaves, the food is cooked in the little pot, everything being done as nearly as possible as their mothers do it. When the food is quite ready the little girls sit round the pot and share the food. These picnic-parties are great fun.

Little boys make "make believe" huts, and "make believe" steamers, and these are sometimes very good indeed. Some boys bend a piece of wire and make "make believe" spectacles, others make "make believe" guns and spears, and war-knives, while little girls make "make believe" pots, and pretend to burn them over "make believe" fires. The children some-

times have "make believe" schools or services. Sometimes they pretend to be white men, and imitate their ways, but these of course are children who have seen white missionaries, or other white men.





Photos by permission of M. Goffin, Brussels.

On the Congo Railway.

Our first missionaries had to travel on foot or in a hammock through the cataract region, where the river is too shallow to float a boat, and all their goods had to be carried on the shoulders of Congo men. Now this railway goes round the cataracts and does in two days the distance which often took a month travelling on foot.



Chapter IV

BIG AND LITTLE TROUBLES

PESTS—Jiggers ♀ ♀

HERE is a boy limping along, and his friend walking so gingerly that one would think he was walking on hot bricks. Do not pity them too much. Look at their feet. Why, their toes are simply covered with “jiggers,” and these boys have been too lazy to take them out. They will scatter these “jiggers” where they walk, and other boys will suffer. But what are “jiggers?”

“Jiggers” (chigoes) are tiny little insects which lie in the sand. As often as they can, they change their lodgings, and burrow in the flesh of the natives, liking best of all to get under the toenails. They are supposed to have come from Brazil into Africa, and are now found in most parts of Congoland. They attach themselves to the feet of the natives by the little saws found near the head. Each “jigger” has two saws, and each of the saws has sixty sharp teeth. The saws are fluted and very sharp, having four edges.

It takes three thousand of these saw-teeth to measure an inch. The saws themselves are very small, for it takes fifty of them to measure an inch. After entering the foot, the “jigger” grows and grows until it



“Jiggery Feet.”

Congoland

becomes as large as a small pea. Then it bursts, and scatters a hundred little "jiggers" on the floor. Unless the "jiggers" are taken out they cause bad wounds, and a Congo boy or girl may lose a toe. We will not pity these two boys, for they are too cowardly to remove their "jiggers," or else too lazy, and certainly they do not seem to consider their boy and girl friends very much. It would be a good thing to take the boys to the river, soak their feet in the water, and then extract the "jiggers" whether they liked it or not.

"Jiggers" are fond of Congo children, but Congo children do not like "jiggers."



Head of a "Jigger," enlarged.

Mosquitoes ♀ ♀

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! They are mosquitoes, and they fly so quickly that their wings make a buzzing noise like little monoplanes. Mosquitoes are tiny gnats. When night falls they come out of their hiding-places, and the natives have a bad time. The mosquito settles on the flesh of its victim, sticks in its sharp trunk, shaped like a little elephant's trunk, and tries to get a drop of blood for supper. At the same time it puts in a little poison, and where it bites, it causes a good deal of pain. One kind of mosquito carries fever with it,



Congo Natives' "Dug-out" Canoe.

but the natives do not know that. They know that mosquitoes are a nuisance, so they make little wood fires in their huts, for mosquitoes do not like smoke. Where there is a plague of mosquitoes the people make a kind of table of sticks, and sleep on it. They kindle a fire underneath, and sleep over the fire in the smoke.

Congoland



In the Fashion.

"Tsetse" Flies ♀ ♀

Besides "jiggers" and mosquitoes, boys are pestered with flies called "tsetse" flies. They are a little larger than English house-flies. They are found along the banks of the great rivers, or on the islands, or on the borders of lakes. The flies settle on boys when they are in canoes, or when they stay on the islands. When the fly feeds, it simply gorges itself with blood. Unfortunately for Congo boys and girls, if the fly has been feeding from someone suffering from the dreadful disease called "Sleeping sickness,"

it can pass on the disease to somebody else. Thousands have died from "Sleeping sickness" during the past few years. The victims have a good deal of pain and suffering; then they sleep, and sleep, and sleep, until they die. Boys connected with Christian missions, who are clothed, are not so likely to be bitten by the "tsetse" fly as the village boys, who may wear only a strip of native cloth round the waist.

"Driver" Ants ♀ ♀

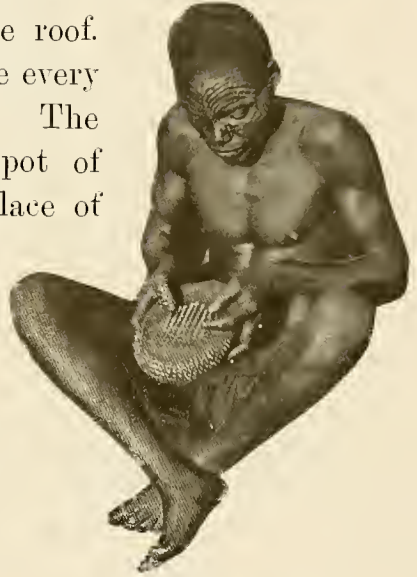
"Siaku, Siaku, Siaku!" cries a boy sleeping on the floor of the hut, and at once all is confusion. It is the middle of the night, and the "driver ants" have



Two Congo Boys under a Paupau Tree.

Congoland

come, so everybody must clear out. The people know that the nip of the driver is far from pleasant, and that it will rather part with its head than let go its grip. They know that the ants will soon cover the walls, the furniture, and the roof. They will enter every open vessel, and invade every nook and crevice in their search for food. The people remove the hen and chickens, the pot of palm-oil, and the basket of dried fish to a place of safety. The boys snatch burning brands from the fire, and try to drive off the ants, but it is no good, so the family move out and spend the rest of the night in a neighbour's hut, and leave the "drivers" to capture the hapless spiders and beetles, which are soon being carried piecemeal to the nest of these tireless workers. In the return journey two long lines of soldier ants are formed, who, with heads erect and



A Home-made Musical Box.



A Congo Pipe.

mandibles ready for action, guard the worker ants, as they march two or three abreast with the spoils of the raid. With the dawn the hut is given up. By-and-by as the sun gets well up in the heavens, a narrow, well-beaten track in the sand, caused by the patter of innumerable little feet, is the only outward and visible sign of the great raid, which has occupied these little creatures the long night through.

DANGERS—Crocodiles ♣ ♣

That is not a log over there on the sand-bank, although it looks so much like one from a distance. It is really a great crocodile. There are plenty of them in



One Way of Travel.



At Bolobo : Girls at Work.

Congoland

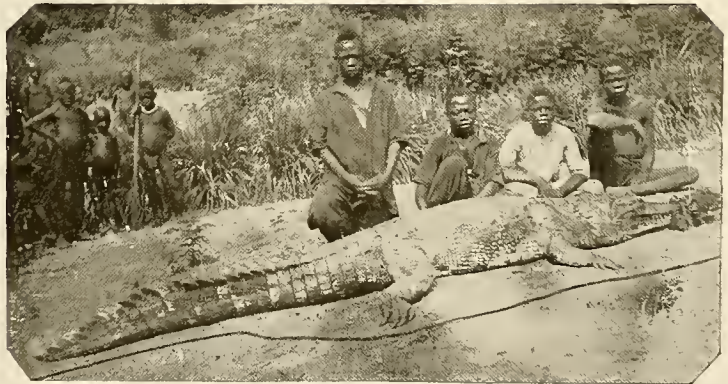
the streams and rivers of Congoland. The natives say there are two kinds. One sort feeds on fishes, and it is not feared much, although these can give an ugly bite. The other sort is the man-eating crocodile, and the people look upon it as a deadly foe.



Congo Man-eating Crocodile killed at Bopoto.

Three men from a mission steamer were having a swim in the river at the close of the day's work. Just as they were getting back into the boat one of them cried, "Hold me; a crocodile has got my hand." His two friends caught hold of him and tried to pull him aboard, but the crocodile tugged away, and nearly pulled them into the water as well. At last, after about five minutes' struggle, the crocodile gave in, and the rescuers managed to get their friend into the boat, wounded, but alive.

Sometimes an old monster crocodile upsets the "dug-out" canoes as the natives paddle on the river. It then seizes one of the paddlers in its terrible jaws and drags him under water. A little girl was on the river with her mother



A Congo Crocodile.

Congoland

and another woman. A big crocodile suddenly came near the canoe and tried to seize the child in his great ugly mouth. The little girl screamed,



Witch Doctor and Attendants.

the canoe was upset, and the terrified mother saw her little girl caught by the cruel monster, and about to be carried under water. Without warning the crocodile let go its hold upon the girl, and seized her mother, and carried her away. The little girl lost her mother, and will always bear the marks of the teeth of the crocodile.

When anybody is killed by a crocodile the natives believe that the death is due to witchcraft. If several people are killed it is not long before some person's name is whispered abroad as being the

“owner” of the crocodile. The “owner,” they say, calls the crocodile at night. It comes out of the water, and its “owner” talks to it, and tells it the name of the next person to be seized. The crocodile returns to the water, and soon kills its victim.

A crocodile took some people from Monyoto's village and from a neighbouring village. Somebody, jealous of Monyoto's power and influence, said that he owned the crocodile, and soon others believed the story. When Monyoto was a boy he kept a baby crocodile for a few days in an old canoe. Then it escaped into the river. Monyoto's baby crocodile had grown up, the people said, and was killing them. Monyoto must die.

So the people of the neighbouring village prepared for war. If Monyoto was not killed they would come and fight in Monyoto's village. His own people, too, feared they might become the victims of his witchcraft, and cried out for his death. In vain Monyoto declared that the crocodile was

Congoland

not his. It was useless. What about Ebaka's grandfather? Did he not own a crocodile? Did he not call it at night, talk to it, and tell it whom to kill? Was he not accused of witchcraft, and did not the poison ordeal prove his guilt? Were not his own relations glad that, by his death, a witch had been removed from their family? Everyone knew of these things, and it was useless for Monyoto to protest his innocence. The poison would prove if he was guilty or not. He must take the poison.

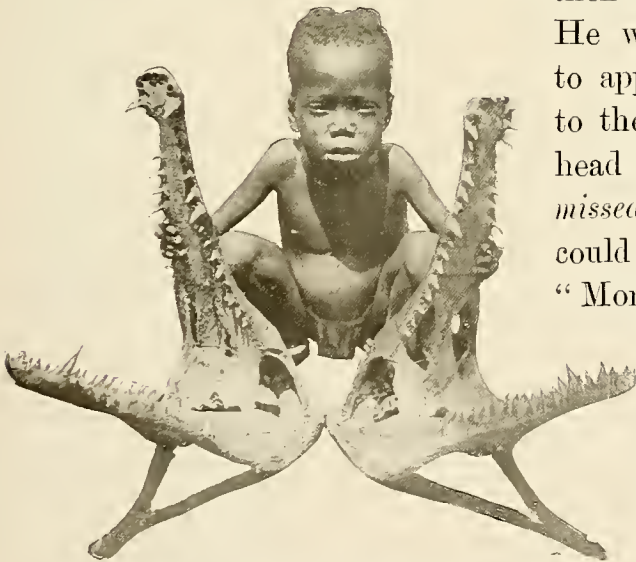
It was then that the missionary interfered. He went to the village where the natives, armed with their spears and knives, were holding a council of war, and persuaded them not to fight. He promised to watch for the crocodile, and to try and shoot it with his gun. He visited the village where the people had gathered to give Monyoto poison, and induced

them to go back to their homes. He waited hours for the crocodile to appear, and when at last it came to the surface, and pushed its huge head out of the water, he fired, and *missed*. "Of course the missionary could not kill it," the people said; "Monyoto had powerful 'medicine,' and would not let his crocodile be killed." But the creature disappeared from the neighbourhood, so the matter dropped.

The natives think that it is useless to try and kill



Strange Headdresses.



The Jaws of a Congo Crocodile.

Congoland

a man-eating crocodile with a gun or spears. "He is bewitched," they say, "and no gun, no cartridge, no spear, can kill him." The people are wrong, for man-eating crocodiles have been killed. One was killed by a Christian teacher. There was much clamour and excitement amongst the natives, who beat the dead body with sticks, shouting, "Ah, you killed my brother (or sister), and now you are dead. You have made us suffer, and now we will make you suffer." The school-boys sang a hymn of praise to God for delivering their enemy into their hands.

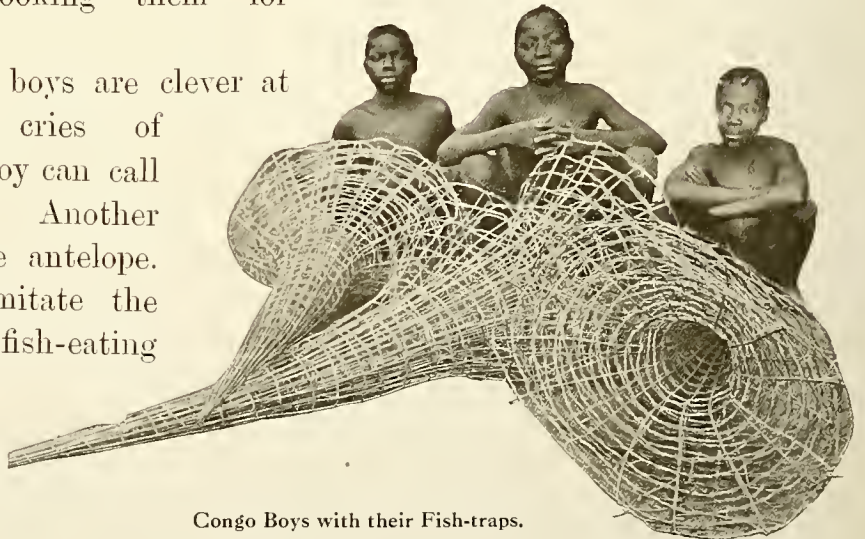


A Witch Doctor.

One crocodile, when killed, measured twenty-five feet long, and had twenty-two brass anklets and armlets inside.

Crocodiles are hatched from eggs, as most school-boys know. The eggs are about as large as those of a goose. When the natives find a crocodile's nest it is thought a great prize. There are usually some scores of eggs, and this means plenty of food. Young crocodiles about a foot long are sometimes captured by the boys, who often tie a string round the bodies of the little creatures, and play with them before cooking them for dinner.

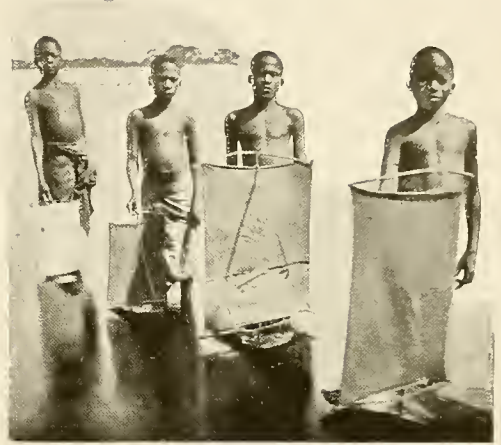
Some Congo boys are clever at imitating the cries of animals. One boy can call like the buffalo. Another can call like the antelope. One boy can imitate the weird cry of the fish-eating crocodile. He crosses the river in a canoe and enters the



Congo Boys with their Fish-traps.

Congoland

marsh and swamps. Then he gives the strange cry of the crocodile. Presently one appears. Rushing towards it, the boy holds out a piece of wood, or a paddle, which it immediately seizes in its mouth. The boy pulls, and the crocodile tightens its grip, for these fish-eating crocodiles hold on firmly to anything they seize in their jaws. Still tugging away, the boy or his friends deftly wind a piece of fishing-net round the mouth of the creature, and capture it. Sometimes they spear it, but sometimes the fish-eating crocodile is brought home alive, and afterwards killed for food.



A Boat Race.

Snakes

A snake has appeared. The boys rush for sticks. It will of course be killed and eaten. There are many snakes, and some of them are dangerous. A woman was in her garden when a large boa came and attacked her. She snatched up a piece of wood and bravely fought it, and finally managed to kill it. She went to her village and told the people. They would hardly believe her, but some of them went to the garden, found the snake, and dragged it home. What shouting and beating of drums, as the snake was dragged round the village by the men! A dance was held and carried far on into the night.



A Congo Drum.

Some of the snakes are very beautiful, but very deadly. Some swim across the river. A missionary shot one from the boat, and the paddlers, thinking it was dead, hauled it into the boat. The snake began to wriggle, and the paddlers promptly

Congoland

jumped into the river. Fortunately for the missionary, all the men could not swim, so there were one or two left with him, and one of these had a knife, with which the snake was killed. Once a missionary was holding a service, when a snake dropped amongst the people from the roof. When the snake had been killed the service went on.

Wild Beasts ♣ ♣

If the natives are in the forests, and night comes before a village is reached, they make a rough shelter with palm-branches or boughs,

and kindle fires to protect themselves from leopards and other wild beasts.



A Congo Leopard.

When going on a long journey they mostly take a burning brand to kindle a fire. If the fire-brand goes out, they make their fires by rubbing

one piece of wood upon another, until the friction makes a spark. They have no matches.

Changing Childhood ♣ ♣

Boys grow to be men, and girls grow to be women, but before that many of them now come to live for a time with the missionaries, and they change in other ways.

The boys and girls who come from the villages and live on the Mission Stations are very jolly and happy. They go to school, they

Congoland

work, and they play. They learn to be carpenters, and tailors, printers and bookbinders, brickmakers and bricklayers, besides doing their school-work, but they are cheerful and contented. Some seem very anxious to know how to read and write.

One boy got a friend to paint the letters of the alphabet on his arm, and went about using his own arm for a school-book. When they possess a book they read it at all sorts of hours. Grown men sometimes sit beside little boys and try to learn the secret of the speaking book. Some scholars come from eighty miles distant.

Some scholars write very nicely. If they have no slates, they learn to write by making letters in the sand. One girl wanted to write to her missionary, but had no paper, so she broke off a piece of plantain-leaf and sent her message on a plantain-leaf letter.

This specimen of writing is from a letter written by a Congo boy to a friend in England :



Eight of them.

Ho mosiki m'wa ndo yanga ba, Thomas, P. Diamond
amba munungwana yanga.
Fasasi ao mwakune wa nga, oka nga lao la bakoi
toningi te oanga likambo te yesu abatsi laiso.
Oka nga letoma likali la nga mboka basiki lao
baiki lao oko mpoto.
nga mwakune w'ao nsih bobo. La ntongo.
M. Y. Mangbaka

From a Congo Boy's Letter.



Boys' Swings at Wathen.



News from England.



Off Home!



Boys playing "Mbele" at Wathen.



Chapter V

SOME CONGO BOYS

MONIKI has been won from heathendom. When in the A B C class in the school, he was chosen to be the personal boy of a missionary. He soon lost faith in the beliefs of his people.

One day he determined to break through his taboo. When a very little boy he was told that if he ate bananas, he would die, and he believed it. They were his taboo, so Moniki was never found with a banana. As the sun was setting one Sunday evening, a schoolboy came to the Missionary, and said that Moniki no longer believed in his taboo, and wanted to break through it. So Moniki was called.

After telling the missionary about his taboo, he said, "Now I do not believe I shall die if I eat bananas, and I want to break down this superstition. I want to break my taboo." A banana was brought, and in



Lilies in a Mission Garden.

Congoland

the presence of his boy-friends, who waited to see the result of such daring, Moniki ate the banana and broke his taboo. In doing this he really broke the bonds and fetters of his old superstitious beliefs. He soon became an inquirer, and after some years was baptized. He is now a voluntary Christian teacher.



Happy Congo Schoolboys.

Elombola was converted to Christianity, and was glad to go out to neighbouring villages and tell the people about the Saviour. His father was a chief, but a heathen, and had been a cannibal. "Why do you go out to tell the people of this God palaver?" asked the pagan chief, one

day. "You know that you will only make enemies, and perhaps will lose your life." "That does not matter much," said the boy; "but I must go and tell others about Jesus."

Matula was only eleven when his father was murdered, and his mother became a slave. He was afraid of the missionaries. He heard that white men bought the spirits of black people, and carried them away to a land at the bottom of the sea, where they became slaves and had to work, and make the cloth and all the things the white men brought to Congoland. He never wanted to meet a missionary; but when he did he soon found out that he was a true friend. Matula learned to trust in Jesus, and was very happy. Then his friends cursed him and persecuted him. Once, when he visited them, they struck him on the head, stabbed him with a knife, stripped off his clothes, and bound him with cords. "God forgive you," said



Young Hopefuls.

Congoland

Matula. "I rejoice; for when I die I shall go to God. The angels are waiting to carry my spirit to heaven." Although he faced death, his faith was strong and God delivered him, and he became a great blessing. Twelve of his own people were brought to Jesus, and confessed Christ.

Likundu was born in a forest town. His people were pagans and cannibals. They often went to war with the men of some other village or tribe. In one of these wars little *Likundu* was taken prisoner. He was marched away to another village, and put into a native hut for safety, while the warriors held a cannibal feast, eating those they had killed in battle. *Likundu* was told that he would be eaten next day.



All the News!



Two Scholars at the Mission Schools.

Another little boy was also a prisoner in the hut. While the people were feasting, *Likundu* and his friend managed to make a hole in the side of the hut, and in the darkness they stole away into the dense forest. They soon lost their way, but lived on forest nuts and roots and fruits. By-and-by they came to a small river, and saw the Mission Steamer *Peace*, with Mr. Grenfell on board. They managed to make Mr. Grenfell understand that they were to have been eaten, and that they were lost, so he took them on board. *Likundu* was left at a Mission Station, where he grew up a quiet, humble, industrious, lovable boy, and gave his heart to Jesus Christ.

Congoland



Old Mission Scholars.

One day Likundu started with his missionary to visit the villages in the forest. They went far away from the Mission Station, amongst some strange tribes. One of those tribes had the same tribal marks as Likundu. At every village the missionary asked if the people remembered a boy named Likundu, who had been taken prisoner in a war some ten years before, and at last, to the joy of Likundu, he found his lost people. His father was dead, but his uncle was alive. Likundu returned more than once to tell his forest tribe of the Saviour.

Ngbangba's father was an Upper Congo River village chief. *Ngbangba's* home was a hut, his food manioc pudding, his religion what his father taught him of fetishism and spirit worship. *Ngbangba* came to the Mission School and, by-and-by, gave his heart and life to Jesus Christ, being the first baptized Christian of his great Ngombe tribe. After a long time he told the missionary that God's Spirit seemed to say in his heart, "Go to Bodala, and tell them of Jesus." For many weeks he prayed for the people of Bodala, and as he prayed his desires increased. At last he went, for he heard God's voice saying to him again and again, "Go, go to Bodala."

During a visit to the Mission Station, he told his friends about the people of Bodala.

"All the people," said *Ngbangba*, "are given over to superstition. They believe in fetishes, and witchcraft, and spirit-worship. Even the boys who come to the school wear all sorts of 'medicine' and fetishes. On Sundays or when the people are called to service they refuse to

Congoland

come, but they go to the witch-doctor for 'medicine' and fetishes. They worship their fetishes as the Israelites worshipped the golden calf. I ask them if their charms and amulets and fetishes will save



Out for a Ride.

them, and I tell them that they can find salvation from harm and sin only as they trust in Almighty God. The grown-up folks took a man out of a grave and made 'medicine' with the corpse. This medicine they sprinkled on a pool in the forest, and hung on the branches of the trees overhanging the pool. They believe that whoever washes in that water will die.



Happy Congo Boys.

"I went some hours away to another village to preach the Gospel. Four of the boys from Bodala went with me. When I returned I was all hot and dirty through wading in the swamp and mud in the forest. We came to this pool of water. I determined to wash. 'If you wash in that water,' said the boys, 'you will die.' I had slipped, and was covered with mud. There was no

Congoland



Schoolboys.

water near but this pool. I replied to the boys that I should wash. 'We beseech you not to,' they cried; 'you will die quickly if you touch it, and we love you, and we want to hear about God. Do not touch the water.' A man passing was appealed to by the boys, and he agreed that whoever washed in the water would die.

I told them that God the Heavenly Father was stronger than the fetish medicine and would protect me, and so that I might prove His power before them all, I stepped in the water and I washed.

"They expected that I should become ill, but God preserved me. For two or three days the people came to look at me to see if I should sicken and die, but God preserved me and glorified Himself in my safety. I alone, yes I alone, stand for God amongst those superstitious people. I only am His representative there. God is with me. He saves; God guards; God is a present help."

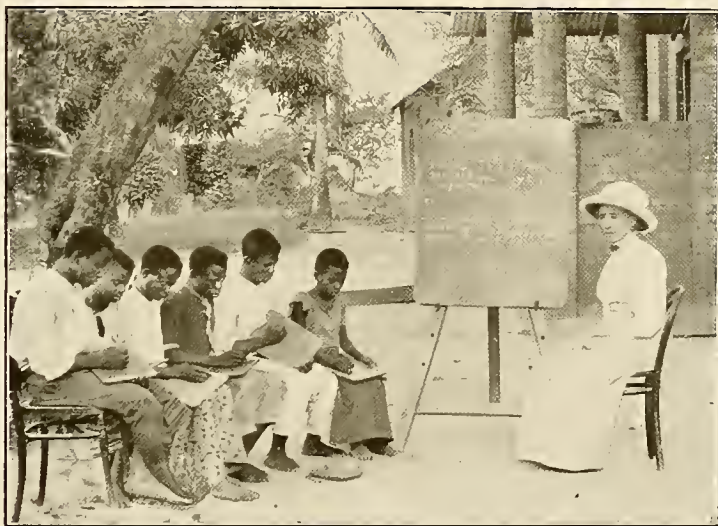
Well - done, Ngbangba! Ngbangba is back at his post. May he always prove a "good soldier of Jesus Christ."



An African Anthill.

Congoland

We are glad there are so many brave converts in Congoland, and that so many of them are seeking to win others for the Saviour. The converts are little centres of light, and we rejoice that their torches burn so brightly in the thick pagan darkness. There are millions yet to be guided to the "Light of the World." Can children in Christian lands do nothing to help the children of Congoland? Christ died for Congoland. Congoland must be Christ's land. You and I can do something to win it for the Saviour. What shall we do?



Hard at Work.

Congoland

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN KISI-KONGO

Es' eto koko'zulu,
Yambul' ezina diaku diazitiswanga,
E kimfumu kiaku kiza,
O luzolo luaku luvangwang' ova nsi ne i koko'zulu,
Utuvana o dia kweto kwa lumbu ya lumbu :
Utulolok' o masunu meto, e ndoloka tulolokang' atantu eto,
Kutufidi ko muna umpukumuni, utuvuluza muna mbi.
Kadi kiaku e kimfumu, ye ngolo, yo nkembo kwa mvu ya mvu. Amen.

Kisi-Kongo is spoken by all the tribes from the mouth of the River to Stanley Pool, and for a considerable distance north and south of the river. The B.M.S. has six stations in this area—Matadi, San Salvador, Wathen, Kibokolo, Mabaya, and Kinshasa, as well as Kimpese, the home of the United Mission Training College for Congo native teachers.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN LIFOTO

SANGO wa iso oiki o likolo,
Nyakola lina l'ao lifikama,
Nyakola bokonji w'ao oya,
Nyakola nduelano y'ao ekelama o
ntse,
Ate o likolo.
Tofa utu uku misona mi engeneke,
Nyakola bobé wa iso,
Ate iso tenyakola ifo betokela iso
obe,
Lako tolondo iso o ndingea,
Tobikisa ko la obe,
Bokonji boiki w'ao, la mpamba, la
louma, fa liikemela. Fa ona.

This language is spoken by the tribes occupying the banks of the main river for over 200 miles. There is only one station, at Bopoto, among this people.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN BOBANGI

SANGO e biso eng'o likolo,
Lina li Yo libuliibwa bule,
Bokonzi bo Yo boya,
Mokano mo Yo mokelibwa s'ete o
likolo bonga mpe o nce,
Olokabela lelo engbel'e biso ekoy-
engebene,
Olosabinya bitumu binga no biso
et 'e sosabinya biso mp'ekam-
b'enga na bitumu bi biso,
T'olokambake sub' o bolengli,
nde oloyelola sei ombe o
mobe.

Bobangi is spoken on the main river from near Stanley Pool to Irebu—300 miles, and up to the Mobangi for 100 miles. The B.M.S. has two stations among the Bobangi, at Bolobo and Lukolela.



Chapter VI

THE CONGO RIVER AND THE CONGO COUNTRY

The River ▯ ▯

THE Congo River is something like a monster serpent lying nearly in the centre of Africa. It was discovered at both ends. Its mouth was discovered by a Portuguese, and its tail by a Scot. The Portuguese had the strange name of Diogo Cam, and the name of the Scot was Livingstone. Cam was a great explorer by sea, and Livingstone was a great explorer by land.



A Canoe on the Upper Congo.

Cam lived nearly four hundred years before Livingstone, and was sent by King John of Portugal to explore the West Coast of Africa beyond Sierra Leone. When he reached the mouth of the great Congo River he found that the natives called it the Nzadi, but the Portuguese called it the Zaire. On the older maps of Africa we read Zaire, but on the newer maps we read Congo.

Although it looks only a thin line on the map, the mouth of the Congo is about seven miles wide. In some parts the river is very much wider than at its mouth. Its waters are brown, and



Congo Musicians.

Congoland

do not really mingle with the ocean for a hundred miles. When one goes to Congoland, one is in the waters of the river long before entering its mouth.

After Cam's discovery, the Portuguese entered Congoland. They did not get far up the river, but they went to San Salvador, the capital of the country, and saw the King of Congo. Some Roman Catholic missionaries also went to San Salvador, and tried to induce the natives to become Roman Catholics, but although they tried again and again, they were not very successful. Traders at the mouth of the river carried on the slave-trade, and that is nearly all we know of Congoland until the time of Livingstone.



Congo Warriors in War-Paint.

Livingstone ▯ ▯

What boy or girl in Great Britain has not heard of Livingstone? He was a great man, a great missionary, and a great explorer. He explored Africa, and perhaps did more than any other single man to open the "Dark Continent" and let in the light of Christianity.

If you trace the course of Livingstone's travels you will find that you have made the rude figure of a cross. The Cross is the symbol of the religion of Christ, which Livingstone knew could help and save the degraded African tribes. He wanted the people of Africa to hear the Gospel, so he pressed forward into



The Decoration of her Tribe.

Congoland

the unknown interior. He made some very difficult and dangerous journeys, and added a million square miles to the known regions of the globe. He was the first white man to cross Africa from East to West, and altogether he travelled some twenty-nine thousand miles. He pushed up the Zambesi River, discovered the great Victoria Falls, and explored the Lake district. It was then that he found two lakes with hard names, called Mweru and Bangweulu. These lakes are the source of the River Congo. At the time Livingstone thought he had discovered the source of the Nile, but he had really found the beginning of the great Congo, so the river was discovered at both ends.



How a Congo Boy dresses his Hair.

Livingstone was lost in Africa for four years, but Stanley searched for him, and after eleven months' travel found him, worn out with suffering and fever, at a place called Ujiji. Livingstone did not return to Europe. In spite of hardships, the good and great man continued his explorations, until, broken down and helpless, he was carried into a hut in Chitambo's village. There, early one May morning in 1873, he was found by his personal African servant, kneeling in an attitude of prayer, but dead, his head on his hands, and both buried in the pillow, as if at the last pleading with God for the redemption of the people he loved.

Stanley ▯ ▯

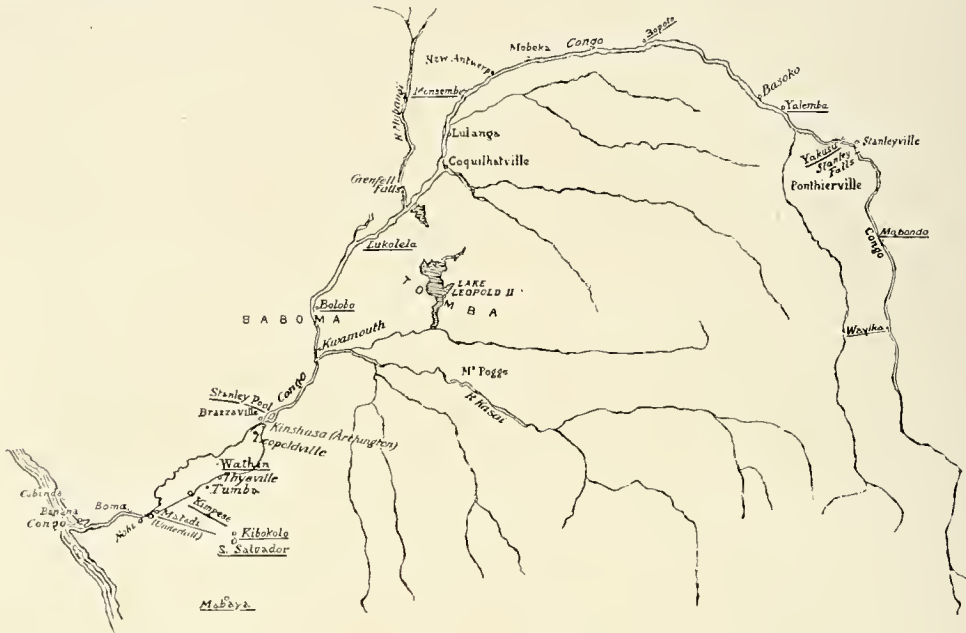
The explorer's mantle of Livingstone fell upon Stanley. To Stanley we owe the opening up of the great Congo Valley. He followed Livingstone into the regions of Lakes Mweru and Bangweulu. He explored the wonderful Congo River from its source in these two lakes, until it pours itself into the Atlantic, nearly three thousand miles away. Stanley was the first European to travel the mighty stream from



A Framed Photo.

Congoland

source to mouth. In 1877 he brought the news to England of this noble waterway, stretching right away into the middle of the "Dark Continent," a natural highway into the heart of Africa.



The Country

Congoland is a great country. France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Spain, and Italy could be packed away in it, and still there would be room and to spare.



A Congo Bridge.

The Lower Congo region is a land of hills and valleys. The hills are covered with coarse, long grass, sometimes twelve feet high, and spotted here and there with dwarfed and stunted trees. The valleys abound in streams and brooks, and are well wooded and fertile. In the Upper Congo region are thousands of square miles of



A Riverside Village in Congoland.



An Inland Village. Notice the narrow entrance, which can be easily defended against the enemy.

Congoland

tropical forest, rich in rubber vines and valuable timber. In these forests roam herds of elephants and antelopes, leopards, buffaloes, wild boars, and other wild beasts. In the Upper Congo are hills and valleys, swamps and morasses, highlands and fertile plains.



Climbing for Palm Nuts.

In the rivers and streams of Congoland are plenty of fish, herds of hippopotami, and many crocodiles.

The Natives ▯ ▯

About fifteen millions of people live in Congoland. They belong to the great Bantu race. The natives are not black, like the blacking on

Congoland

one's boots, but are dark chocolate in colour. Their lips are thicker than those of Europeans, but are not so full as those of the pure negro. In some districts their features are fairly sharp, but generally the nose is a good deal flattened. The eyes are mostly black, and the hair dark, rather coarse, and curly.

Amongst the tribes of the upper river are splendid specimens of men, and, generally speaking, the native on the upper river is taller and stronger than on the lower.

The Congo people are pagans. The boys and girls, taught by their parents, believe in witchcraft, in the "evil eye," and in the power of evil spirits over the body and the affairs of everyday life.





Chapter VII

FETISHES AND FUNERALS

Fetishes ▯ ▯

THE people buy fetishes from the “medicine man” to protect and defend them from these evils.

The fetish is just anything the “medicine man” likes. A bone, a stone, a piece of wood or iron, or several little things put into a goat’s horn, or a shell, or a little piece of monkey skin. The shell, or horn, or bundle, may have in it some powdered charcoal, or red powder, or white chalk, and oddments such as dogs’ teeth, birds’ beaks, fish-bones, or powdered leaves.

Whatever the fetish is, its owner believes in it, because he thinks that the “medicine man” has been able to persuade some spirit to make its home in the fetish, and that this spirit will protect him from harm. One fetish will not do for all purposes, so fetishes are many. Some are supposed to be useful in war, and others in hunting and fishing; some in sickness, and others the people think protect them from wild beasts, or guard them on their journeys. Thus, one fetish protects from unseen dangers, another ensures a friendly reception in a strange town. One prevents sickness entering food, and another saves from crocodiles. One prevents headaches, and another cures chest complaints. One gives strength, and another saves its wearer from having his soul stolen in sleep. One saves the garden from thieves, and another protects the fishing-creeks.



Some Congo Fetishes.

Congoland



An African Hunting Fetish.

One after another speaks in praise of the dead. They magnify his virtues, and even make up a few if they were lacking. All this is done partly to pacify the "spirit" and partly to remove suspicion from themselves as being the cause of the death.

At the grave there is a kind of funeral prayer. The mourners take up a little earth, and throw it in, saying: "Well, you have gone. Do not be angry with us. Watch over our interests. Send us fish, and help us when we hunt. You are tired of us, but we are still your friends. We do not want to follow you. We do not wish to die. You have gone, but still be our friend."

Some fetishes are supposed to work harm. Their owners think that through them they can bring disease or death upon their enemies.

Funerals ♦ ♦

When anyone of importance dies, there is much fuss and noise. The women gather and wail. The dead body is decorated. Drums are beaten and dances held. A funeral oration is made by one of the nearest relatives, who tells of the dead man's skill in war and hunting, of his bravery and courage, and explains the details of the last illness.



A Chief in Full Dress.

Congoland

They leave the grave in single file, never once looking back, for they do not want the "spirit" of the dead to follow them into the village. They think the "spirits" come back to do harm. A "spirit" may come back in a leopard or a snake. It may return unseen in a score of ways, and do mischief.

Graves are often decorated with plates, and bottles, and pots. Offerings of food are taken

and placed upon the grave. The "spirit" of the dead man is supposed to need nourishment, and the people think that it eats the "spirit" of the food and drink placed upon the tomb.



Husband and Wife at the Evening Meal.



Grave of a Congo Chief.

Witchcraft ♦ ♦

Death is put down to witchcraft. When a person dies the witch has to be found. Someone is accused of witchcraft, and is made to drink poison, to prove whether he is a witch or not. The poison often proves fatal. If so, the natives say that he was certainly a witch, and he is set upon and

Congoland

cruelly killed by the village people. In former days one death through sickness or accident often meant another death through poisoning, but these evil beliefs are not so common now. They are slowly but surely dying away.



Congo Fetishes : A Fetish Outside a Chief's House.



Congo Girls coming Home after a Fishing Excursion.

Chapter VIII

FIGHTING, HUNTING, AND FISHING

Warfare ♦ ♦

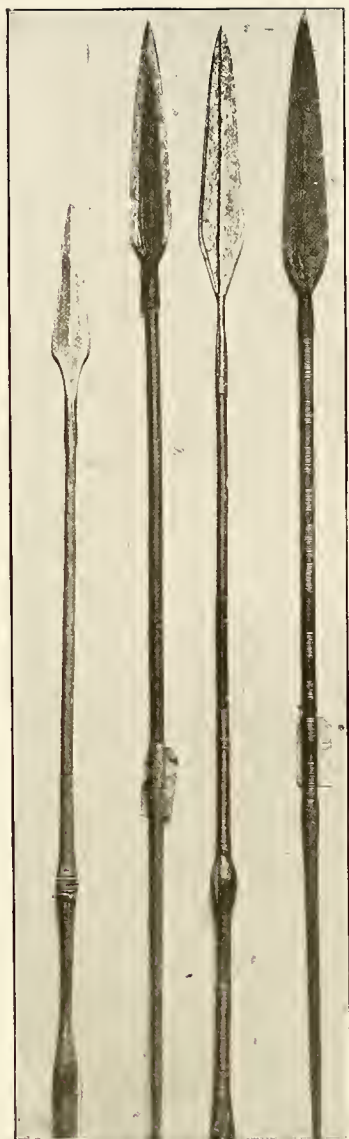
IN pagan Congoland the warriors often fight. In the village and tribal wars people are killed and property is destroyed. Before the battle the fighters gather in the compound of the Chief, each with his spear, and shield, and war-knife. They paint their faces red, white, and black, so that they may know their own people in the heat of the fight. They have their "war medicines." One gives keenness of vision for the fight. One enables its owner to find the hiding-place of an enemy. One saves from being wounded or killed. One ensures that the spears or arrows will kill.



Making Fish-traps.

The Chief "blesses" the warriors. Grasping their spears and shields and war-knives, they form a circle round him. He tells them the plan for the coming battle. Then, breaking some leaves from a bush, and

Congoland



stepping into the centre of the circle, he says something like this :

“ My blessing upon my people.
When you go forth to the fight,
May your bodies be vigorous, and your arms
strong.
May your feet be swift, and your hands powerful.
May your eyes be steady, and your hearts brave.
I am the great Chief of the village who says this.
Let no man step on the pointed poison stake
buried in the path,
Let no man flee before the face of the foe.
May you slay many of your enemies,
May you return with a host of the heads of
the slain.
May you come back with plenty of limbs of
the fallen, that we may eat,
That our wives and our children may give us
honour.
The spirits protect you,
My blessing go with you.”

And all the warriors assent by striking
the ground with their shields, and shouting :
“ A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a.”

Those who fall in battle are often eaten by
the conquerors.

Hunting ◊ ◊

Boys go with their fathers into the forests, and learn to hunt. Before the hunt there are strange ceremonies connected with the hunting fetish. The hunting-nets are laid before it. A fowl is killed and the blood sprinkled on the fetish. A boy eats the brains of the fowl. Sometimes the leader

Congoland

of the hunt sleeps on the floor of his hut for days, until the "spirits" tell him in what part of the forest the hunt is to be. When everything is ready the hunters start, but if anyone should happen to greet the leader, as he marches silently in front, the hunters turn back. They think they will have no luck.

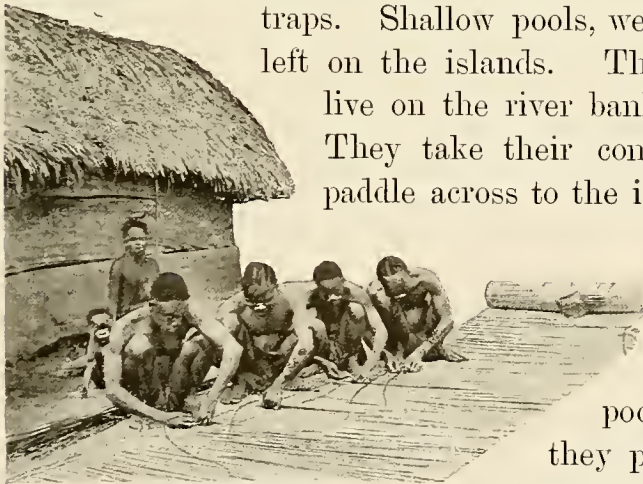
The path into the forest is only a track, wide enough for one man to walk at a time. When the leader thinks he has reached the place the "spirits" told him about, the hunters spread out and cut the bush wide enough for them to place their hunting-nets, which they join end to end. Some of the boys go into the forest, and shout, and jingle their bells, driving the animals towards the nets, where they are speared. If the hunt is successful, the fetish and the "medicine man" are duly honoured.



A Congo Maiden with Fishing-basket.

Fishing ▯ ▯

Nearly everybody learns how to fish—that is, if they live near a stream or river. When the Congo River is in flood many of the wooded islands are greatly covered with water. The fishermen close up the entrance to the creeks with long open-work mats.



Making a Fish-mat.

When the river falls, the enclosed fish are caught in traps. Shallow pools, well stocked with fish, are often left on the islands. Then the girls and women who live on the river banks have a specially good time. They take their cone-shaped fishing-baskets and paddle across to the islands in their canoes, singing

their canoe songs as they go, happy and excited at the prospect of catching plenty of fishes in the pools. When tired of fishing they paddle home, singing brightly. Little boys fish with rod and line, but

Congoland

older boys set fish-traps, or join their fathers and brothers in fishing excursions. The fish are caught in nets or traps, or with hooks, or they are harpooned with a sharp iron spike attached to a stick.



The Goodwill.

The *Goodwill* was the second Baptist Mission Steamer on the Congo. This shows her alongside a native village buying provisions. Note the people, in their eagerness to sell, crowding to the water's edge. Those in white are Arabs.



FISHING IN LIKASA, UPOTO DISTRICT.



THE CONGO MISSION STEAMER "ENDEAVOUR."



Congo Girls making Bread.

Chapter IX

WORK AND WORKERS

Bread ▯ ▯

Congo girls help their mothers in the farm and garden work, and in preparing the food for the markets and for the home. Native bread is made from the roots of the cassava plant. The roots are something like huge potatoes. They contain a poison, and must be soaked in water to extract the poison. The brown outer skins are peeled off, the white insides pounded up, and the women have their cassava flour.

This flour is placed in large leaves, tied up, and steamed in earthen pots over a stick fire. When the bread is cooked, a heavy, starchy, doughlike pudding is the result—something like a badly boiled suet-pudding without any suet in it. This pudding-bread is the food of millions of Congo people. Sometimes the puddings look like balls, and sometimes like huge sausages.

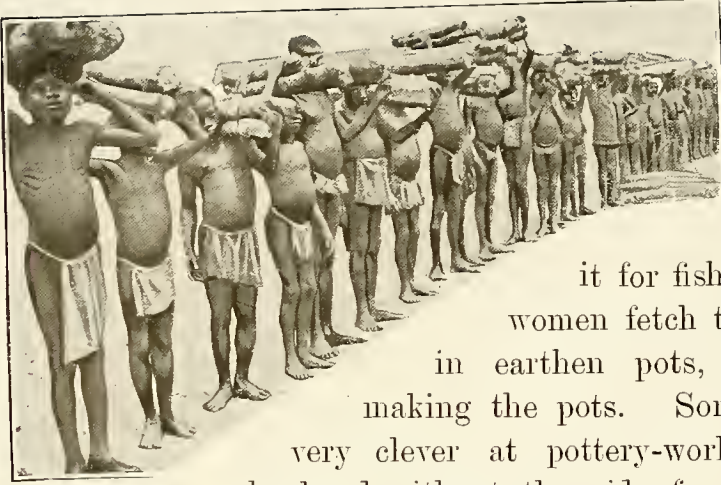


His Dinner and Supper.

Firewood and Pottery ▯ ▯

As there are no coals in Congoland, everything has to be cooked with wood fires. The work of gathering and bringing in the firewood usually

Congoland



Wood for the
Steamers.

falls upon the girls and women. Some of the forest women come to the river-side markets with heavy loads of firewood, and exchange it for fish or palm oil. Girls and women fetch the water from the spring in earthen pots, and the girls help in making the pots. Some girls and women are very clever at pottery-work. The pots are made by hand without the aid of a potter's wheel, and are burnt on a stick fire.

Salt and String ▯ ▯

Salt is made by the women from the coarse grass which grows on the edges of the sand-banks and islands in the river, and string by the men and boys from the fibre of the inner bark of forest shrubs.

Wood Work ▯ ▯

Wood-carving is only done by a small number of the people. Some make the tools or paddles, others the drums, and others the spear-handles, or the wooden spoons used in cooking. The canoes are carved from trees felled in the forest. When they are finished they are pushed to the water's edge. Some of the "dug-outs" hold as many as forty paddlers, while others only carry two or three. Some of the wooden drums have fancy shapes. The dance drums may be four or five feet high. At the top they are covered with an elephant's ear, or a piece of



Cassava Roots.

Congoland

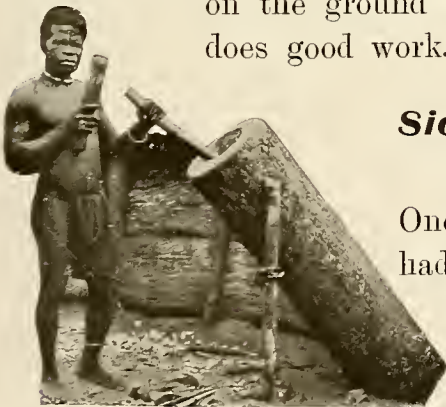
monkey or antelope skin, which is pegged tightly down with wooden pegs. The drummer beats these with his fingers and the palms of his hands. Some drums are like kettle-drums, others are flat, and others are round logs hollowed out. Congo boys soon learn to beat the various drums, but learners who make mistakes are laughed at by the other boys.



Full Water-pots from the Spring.

Smithy Work ❖ ❖

Only a few boys learn blacksmith's work. The blacksmith's shop is a meeting-place for gossip. One often sees a group of men sitting about while the blacksmith works. He squats on the ground near his fire, and with his rude tools makes spears, knives, hoes, and ornaments. He smelts his brass in a specially prepared crucible, placed in the heart of the charcoal fire, and the metal is run into a mould made in the sand. Ironwork is heated in the same fire, which is kept bright and glowing by a curious bellows arrangement at the back, blown by some friend. The hammer is a piece of iron held in a piece of twisted cane; a piece of split stick serves for pincers, while a lump of iron on the ground serves for an anvil. Yet the blacksmith does good work.



Carving a Congo Drum.

Sickness ❖ ❖

The sick in Congoland are to be pitied. One little girl suffering from sleeping sickness had pepper rubbed into her eyes. A person who had a bad throat was compelled to drink peppers, and some acid juice from a forest vine. Some of the cures for sickness seem very silly. For large

Congoland

swellings on the hand and arm, the cure consists in rubbing the swelling on the back of a dog, taking care to rub in the direction in which the



Waiting for Medicine.

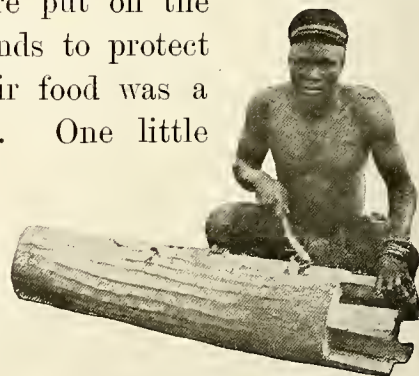
hair grows. For chest complaints, take a little powdered bark mixed with water. Then the "medicine-man" takes an arrow, smears it in the medicine, and rubs the chest with it. Calling upon the sickness to leave, he turns down river, and shoots the arrow into space.

Sometimes the "medicine-man" pretends to take out a number of things from where the

pain is. He rubs the place with some crushed leaves, and then opens up the leaves and shows such things as palm-nuts, dogs' teeth, goats' hair, nails, beads. He says that these were the cause of the sickness, and were introduced by witchcraft.

Sick people have no nice nourishing foods and drinks, and no soft beds to lie on. They have no kind doctors and nurses, so they must suffer very much. Two sick brothers were put on the top of an anthill, with only a few palm fronds to protect them from the fierce sun. Every day their food was a little bread and water to eat and drink. One little Congo boy was fastened up in a hut, and left alone in the dark, without any fire, to starve and die, because he had sleeping sickness.

Poor little Congo boys and girls!
Shall we not pity them? Some of



Carving a Congo Drum.

Congoland

them are snatched for debt, and some of them are sold as slaves. Some are killed in the village wars, some are buried alive, and some are eaten by cannibals.



All in a Row.



Homage to the Chief.

Chapter X

MESSENGERS TO CONGOLAND

A CONGO CHIEF, asking help of a missionary, said: "If you were in a canoe on the river, and saw a child struggling in the water, would you not stretch out a hand to save?"

The people of Congoland need help. The best help that can be given is to tell them of Jesus Christ, who can bless them, and save them from their superstitions and sins.

Many brave missionaries have gone into Congoland to preach the Gospel. They live amongst the pagan and cannibal peoples, make friends with them, talk to them in their own strange languages, and tell them of the Saviour.

Thousands of Congo boys and girls have learned to read in the Mission Schools. Until the missionaries went to Congoland the people knew nothing about reading or writing; they had no alphabet and no written language. They could talk to one another, and could send messages for some distance by using their drums as a kind of telegraph. Wherever missionaries live they give the people a written language, write hymns, and translate the Scriptures.

Congoland

The schools on the Mission Stations are held in buildings of wood or brick. In the villages the schools are sometimes held in the open air. In some villages the scholars make a school-house with sticks and mud. These school-houses, although poor, are really the most important buildings in the villages.

They stand for Christian light against heathen darkness, for truth against error, for God against Paganism and sin.

Old scholars and workmen sometimes help on the coming of the Kingdom. They take their hymn-books and Scriptures home to their distant villages. They read aloud and sing, and thus often take the Gospel to their people before a Christian teacher settles.

A missionary was paying a visit to a town in the forest where he had never been before. As he went along a lad came forward and smiled. "Mogamu! Is it you?" The missionary shook hands with the smiling boy, a former scholar in the Mission School. So he had a friend in the village, for Mogamu promptly took his visitor along to his father's hut, where he received a warm welcome for the sake of the boy. A crowd soon



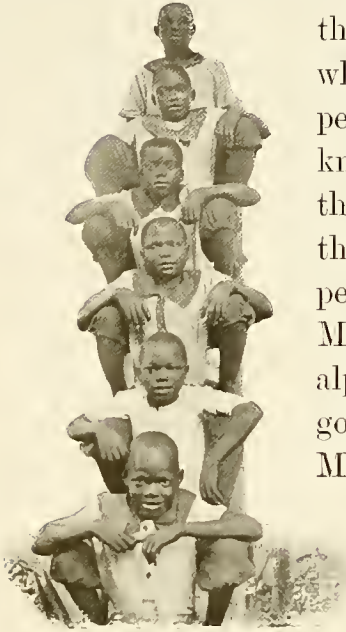
A Class in the Open Air.



The Talking Book.

Congoland

gathered to see the white man, and to watch the wonderful process of the missionary eating his dinner from an enamel plate and using a knife and fork. After the meal, the missionary suggested that before he preached to the people the workmen who were with him should sing a hymn, and that perhaps the natives might learn a verse. "They know three hymns," said Mogamu; "I have taught them." He selected a hymn, and the people sang it, then another, and another. The missionary told the people about God and the Saviour. "Suppose, Mogamu, we try and teach some of these people the alphabet, and you perhaps might help them when I am gone," said the missionary. "They know it," replied Mogamu, and sure enough, when the alphabet card was produced, a number of young people knew it, with but a few trifling mistakes. The missionary was glad.



Six Congo Boys.

The Baptist Missionary Society have sent many missionaries to Congoland. A few months after Stanley's great journey, Comber and Grenfell entered by the river. Since then a great number of men and women have followed them, and not a few have laid down their lives trying to win Congoland for Christ.

Twelve Mission Stations have been established. They are more than a hundred miles apart, but they stretch away for nearly fifteen hundred miles along the Congo River and make a line of light in the heart of Africa. Each Mission Station is a centre for industrial, educational, medical, and religious work; and the Gospel is proving itself "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth."

Already there are nearly four thousand native





A CONGO LILY.



PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

Congoland

Christians in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society. The Native Church sends out Evangelists to preach in the districts far away from the Mission Stations. The Church tithes itself for Evangelists, and practically every tenth Christian man is a missionary. If not self-supporting, the Evangelists are supported by the voluntary gifts of the other Church members.

There are also nearly seven hundred school-teachers, who preach the Gospel in the villages where they work. Many of these receive no pay.

If Congoland is to be won for Jesus Christ, it must be through Congo converts, and with the blessing of God, this is being done.

Darkness is passing; the dawn is breaking. Congoland shall one day become the "Land of Light." Her name shall be the "Sun-lit land" for she shall be Christ's land.



Five Congo Maidens.



Schoolboy Friends.

LETTERS

Sometimes the Congo natives write letters to their missionaries. These are translations of parts of letters :

"I am looking forward to being baptized. Some months ago I gave Jesus my heart in very truth. Afterwards my heart seemed marred. Now it is truly turned to God. I pray continually. I rejoice very much because Jesus helps me when I pray, and also in my temptations. I now experience His presence in my heart, and I think that I shall not fail to be baptized."

Congoland



One of our Helpers.

“Do not think that I forget the palaver of God. It is in my heart and fills my heart brimful. I pray to God every day. May I ask that you pray for me. I am now on the path of God.”

“I ask that you will permit me to preach at the service and tell the things of God which are welling up in my heart.

“I want you to teach me and instruct me in the ‘A. B. C.’ of the Gospel of Luke and John, so that I may understand and help others.”

“When our child commenced to be sick we called in the native herbalist. His medicine did no good, not even a little. The medicine of the missionaries also failed. Our little one died. I wept much, and I realized in my heart that God had removed my child. I wept as I looked for my child to carry her as formerly, and to play with her as formerly, and I could not put it into my heart that my child was dead. Now I am very glad, and my heart sings that she died a child, for she has entered heaven. When she died I was indeed in great trouble. As I wept three of my friends came, and they spoke to me saying, ‘Do not be bowed down with sorrow, nor let your heart be heavy. Remember that God is testing you, and wants to know if you really believe in Him, and trust in Him or not. God thought to



Yalemba Boys and Husked Rice.

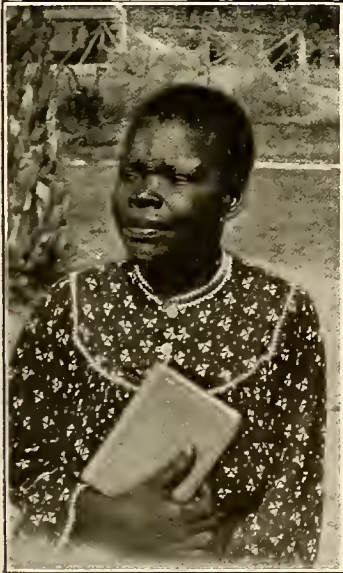
Congoland

test your faith by removing your child, thinking perhaps that you would become hard and angry, and forget God.'

"At the time of the funeral my elder relatives said, 'Bury your little girl in the hut, at the foot of the bed, so that the spirits may do you no harm,' but I and my Christian friends said, 'No.' They also said, 'Do not yourself carry your dead firstborn and her belongings, or you will never have another child.' We replied, 'That is not our concern, and the carrying of our firstborn can make no difference. God's will be done, and His will we shall understand. It may be that He will give us another little one.' We buried our little girl outside the hut, clothed in her little dress. When my little girl died, I did not forget God, not even a little."



A Chief and his Family.



A Congo Christian.

"We are glad that Jesus is in our hearts. If we pray to God, He gives us His Holy Spirit. One day we went to Mr. F——, and told him about our hearts turning to Jesus the Chief. The Evangelists go to many of the districts in order to tell the good news, and some of us also go. L—— and M—— sometimes pray aloud in God's House. Our school is good, with plenty of scholars. All the boys are well, and also the missionaries. We pray to God about you and expect a letter. On Sunday afternoons we gather in

Congoland



A Scholar.

classes, and the older ones teach. I have heard your advice concerning Jesus the Chief. I am filled with joy. I want truly to pray to Him with all my heart."

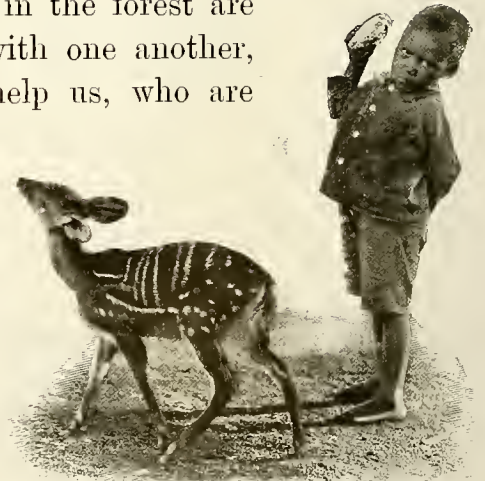
PRAYERS OF CONVERTS

Congo missionaries are often struck with the beauty of the prayers of the Congo converts, and some striking phrase or sentence is sometimes remembered. These are sentences translated from the prayers :

"We have two hands each full of seeds, seeds of goodness and seeds of evil. Day by day we scatter these seeds. Father in heaven, help us to fill *both* hands with *good* seed. I indeed am not worthy to be an Evangelist to my people. I hold some bad seed in my hand. Daily I seem to scatter evil seeds, and as yet I am not worthy to go and tell others of Jesus."

"As fish in the water, and animals in the forest are separate, and do not hold intercourse with one another, so Great Chief and Lord of heaven, help us, who are Thine, to keep ourselves separate, and apart from Satan, and all sinful things."

"Jesus, Thou art as the stone in the village where the people may all go to sharpen their knives. The good and the bad alike go to the stone. So in Thy mercy all men may come to Thee. Coming, bad, blunt, worth-



A Congo Antelope.

Congoland

less lives, may be made sharp, and good lives be made more useful."

"As dry sticks on a fire make a blaze, as oil in the machine makes the wheels run smoothly, as rain makes the trees and vegetation grow and flourish, as the sunshine warms and gladdens; even so let Thy Holy Spirit dwell in our missionary, that his heart may be ablaze with love and zeal; his tongue ready to tell the message of Thy love, that we may grow in grace, and be warmed and gladdened by Thy presence in our midst."



A Magazine from England.



"As before the storm we pull up our dug-out canoes from the water, and make them secure from the lapping of the waves, which otherwise would lay hold of them and float them, so that they would drift down stream and be lost; so, even so, help us to *beach our hearts*, our lives, on Jesus Christ."

"I am fatherless; let me take Thee, O God, as my Father, and give

Congoland

Thee my heart, my love, my life. . . . Make me willing to give up my own desires and will, and dedicate myself to Thee, and do Thy Will alone.”

“As the charcoal burns in the fire of the village smithy, and is consumed as it makes the iron hot, so let me burn out in Thy service, O God, my King and Lord.”



A Baptismal Service in Congoland.

A Congo Pioneer

Death of the Rev. A. E. SCRIVENER, of Bolobo. 1864-1916.

IT is with deep regret that we record the death of the Rev. Albert Edward Scrivener, of Bolobo, Upper Congo, at Southampton, on Friday, November 17th. Mr. Scrivener came home from Congo in July in a very precarious state of health, and his arrival was awaited with great anxiety. Fortunately he had the company of fellow missionaries on the voyage, and received every care and attention that sincere affection could devise. During the last two months of his life he bore great suffering, and his death has occurred at the comparatively early age of fifty-two.

Mr. Scrivener was born at Southampton in 1864, and was baptized in 1881 after a mission conducted by the Rev. J. R. Wood. He joined the Carlton Baptist Church, and with the missionary call ever before him, became an active worker in the Sunday school, in open-air preaching, and in other forms of Christian service. When he resolved to offer himself to the Missionary Society he attended classes at Pastors' College and took up medical studies at University College Hospital.

He was accepted by the B.M.S. in 1885, and saw his first missionary service at the base station of Underhill, where he used his practical experience of printing to establish the "Edwin Wade" Press, later removed to San Salvador. In 1889 he was appointed to pioneer work on the Upper Congo, first at Lukolela and later at Bolobo. At the last-named station he spent over twenty years of most efficient and fruitful service, and it is as "Scrivener of Bolobo" that he was best

known to his colleagues on the field and to his many friends at home. During his service at this station he initiated the work in the Bolobo Hinterland, making the first missionary journey from Bolobo to Lake Leopold II. The Bolobo missionaries now make this an annual tour, and the work has long since become one of the chief glories of the Congo Mission.

Mr. Scrivener was a man of great practical ability, with a cheerful and affectionate disposition and an unflagging devotion to his chosen work. In physical weakness and frequent suffering he showed a courage and fortitude which have been an inspiration to many. Among his other labours, his oversight of the Bolobo Printing Press was of great value, not only to the B.M.S. but to other Missions also. From his own pen were published several portions of the Bobangi Version of the Scriptures, and numerous books and pamphlets in the Bobangi language. In late years he edited and published the



The late Rev. A. E. Scrivener

first Congo Missionary Magazine in English (*The Congo Mission News*) as a medium of fellowship for all the Protestant Societies in the country. He was beloved by his colleagues and by the Congolese people, for whom and with whom he lived and toiled as a servant of Jesus Christ.

He was twice widowed, and has left a motherless daughter, Miss Doris Scrivener, to whom all who know the deceased missionary and his work will extend their sincere sympathy.

The funeral took place at Southampton on Friday, November 24th. An impressive service was conducted at the

Carlton Baptist Church, in the presence of a large congregation, by the Rev. F. W. Duncombe, assisted by the Revs. E. R. Pullen, J. Morris and H. Ross Phillips. The Rev. J. I. Hasler, of the B.M.S. Indian Staff, was also present. The Rev. C. E. Wilson gave a review of the missionary life and work of Mr. Scrivener, and at the graveside the Revs. Thomas Lewis and G. R. R. Cameron closed a touching service with prayer. There were many beautiful floral tributes.

Personal Tributes

The following is sent by Dr. E. C. Girling, now with the British Army in France.

"I have just learnt of Mr. Scrivener's death. It is a terrible blow. We shall miss him when we return—Bolobo will not be the same without him. The natives will mourn his loss very deeply. The memory of his life for them will remain for many years. No one can over estimate the value of his wonderful and untiring devotion to the cause of Christ; it is written large for all to read.

"He was responsible for the pioneer work among the inland tribes. This work, as you well know, has borne wonderful fruit in the last few years.

"He was always with me in my medical work. If I sometimes lost heart, it was to Scrivener I went to gain encouragement. If there were difficulties, it was Scrivener who smoothed them out. I have never known him to be otherwise than kind and courteous. We feel that we have lost a real and true friend.

"I believe it is thirty years since Scrivener first went to Congo. If only an account of those years could be written, what a book it would make! He was very fond of telling of the early days. Many an evening have I spent listening to his tales of those old times when life was so uncertain and results so meagre. He lived to see great and wonderful things, and I trust that those who hope to carry on the work may be enabled to build well on the solid foundation laid by him and his early colleagues."

The Rev. Robert Glennie, of the Bible Translation Society, writes:

"The Greatheart of the Congo is dead. Among those who have distinguished themselves in that Mission, an honourable place must be given to A. E. Scrivener for the service he so greatly gave to the Kongo people and to the missionary brethren of all the societies represented there. And probably no man has enjoyed more of the goodwill of his fellows and the praise of his colleagues while he was with them. For Greatheart's large sympathy evoked prompt recognition, and he has a secure place in the affection of those whom, helping, he made strong.

"His work has been as varied as the needs of the Mission, and the fact that he has been able to do it, and for so many years, proves his ability. In the Lower Congo he set up the printing press, helped in the transport work, studied the language, translated the story of Joseph, and one of his hymns still finds a place in the Kongo Hymnal.

"When he came to Lukolela houses were the urgent need, and so he set to work as architect and builder. One of the houses erected was admirably designed for a composing-room and printing press, and soon afterwards the press itself came to hand. Realising the need for songs, with his earliest knowledge of the language he set to work to weave those hymns which have now been sung by two generations of the people. These early hymns have been revised at each successive printing, and in the last issue of the Hymn-book of the Bobangi there are ninety-six of his hymns.

"These were only the flower of his literary work. He repeated in this language his life of Joseph; and Matthew's Gospel came early from his pen. John's Gospel was done in collaboration, and a series of seven volumes of Old Testament stories preceded the issue of the Pastoral Epistles. Next he translated a harmony of the Gospels, a catechism, the Parables of Jesus, Daniel, and the Minor Prophets, and was engaged on other Old Testament books when he laid down his pen.

"To his watchful care and wise leadership the phenomenal growth of the church at Bolobo is, in no small measure, due. He was the big-brother, confidant, friend, and spiritual tonic of hundreds of the brown-skinned Christians of Bolobo. Now he has passed within the cloud whose brightness cannot be pierced by our sight, but we joy over his long, fruitful, glorious years, and thank God for the grace which has transformed tragedy into triumph."

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION LIBRARIES



3 9088 00919 5587